

·THROUGH·THE·YEAR·WITH·THE·POETS·

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·EDITED·BY·  
·OSCAR·FAY·ADAMS·



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# Through the Year with the Poets

EDITED BY  
OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

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## NOVEMBER

EDITED BY

OSCAR FAY ADAMS

FOR now the wind-beat twigs had lost their hold  
Of the faint yellow leaves, and thin and light  
The forest grew, and colder night by night,  
Or soaked with rain, and swept with bitter wind,  
Or with white creeping mist made deaf and blind.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

*The Life and Death of Jason.*

BOSTON

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To

WILLIAM MORTON FULLERTON,

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY  
INSCRIBED BY THE  
EDITOR.



## PREFACE.

---

THE glory of Autumn has gone with October, and the soft haze of Indian Summer blurs the unfamiliar outlines of the leafless trees. In a few days the amber skies will turn to grey, fogs and mists will steal over the fields and the waters at morning and evening, and the nights will grow longer and colder. At last, almost before we know it, the threshold of winter will be past, and the retreating footprints of November will be lost in the early snows.

The exact position of the Indian Summer in the calendar has been long disputed, but the weight of authority inclines toward early November as its proper place. The editor has therefore included in *November* the verse of this soft twilight of the year, which is such a dearly-prized feature of the later American Autumn, and which finds its English counterpart in the Summer of Saint Martin.

A masterly sonnet by Mr. Samuel Longfellow, entitled "Indian Summer," has been generously given to the editor for use in this volume of *Through the Year with the Poets*; and Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman, in a very musical poem, which is likewise an original contribution, and which bears the same

title, "Indian Summer," admirably realizes for us the charm of this sweet season. The other original poems in *November* are "Summer's Visit to Autumn," by Mr. William Morton Fullerton, and its antiphon, Mr. Andrew Bice Saxton's "Winter to Autumn"; "A November Grave," by Mr. James Benjamin Kenyon; "In November," by Mr. Bliss Carman; and Mr. Ernest Whitney's gracefully turned lines upon "The Midnight of the Year."

With the ending of this volume the editor's task comes also to an end, and with not a little regret he realizes that he is to meet his readers from month to month no more. The duty of arranging the nearly seventeen hundred poems which are included in *Through the Year with the Poets* has been to him a very pleasant one; he ventures to hope that the results of his labor have given pleasure to his readers as well. In this series he has endeavored to combine freshness of material with appropriateness of allusion; and to this end recent authors have been freely drawn from, and minor as well as major poets been laid under contribution. It may seem, indeed, that certain writers are here represented more frequently than others whose claims are at least apparently equal; but it must be remembered that considerations of copyright have prevented the editor from selecting as many poems as he would like from the verse of a number of writers, and in the works of some others whose names would have added interest to his pages he found little or no material exactly adapted to his purpose. That the now completed series is not without its shortcomings he is well aware, but he trusts that its title to be regarded as a comparatively full anthology of the poetry of the year may not be without foundation. During the progress of the work he

has received valuable suggestions from many persons whom he may not here name, and in particular from Col. T. W. Higginson and Mr. Wm. J. Rolfe, whose time and private libraries have been kindly placed at his disposal. To Mr. Clinton Scollard he is indebted for many hours of labor spent in his service, as freely as they were generously given; and to the many poets who have added to the worth of his series by their original contributions he is most sincerely grateful. The publishers in this place for the last time renew their thanks to their brother publishers, whose courtesy has been of such material assistance from the beginning of the work unto its close.

FELTON HALL,  
CAMBRIDGE, MASS., October 19, 1886.



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FAWCETT, EDGAR.

Born in New York City, May 26, 1847.

Indian Summer . . . . . 54

FOSTER, WILLIAM PRESCOTT.

Born in Weld, Maine, August 20, 1856.

In November . . . . . 124

FULLERTON, WILLIAM MORTON.

Born in Norwich, Connecticut, September 18, 1865.

Summer's Visit to Autumn . . . . . 102

GARNETT, RICHARD.

Born in Lichfield, England, February 27, 1835.

Fading-Leaf and Fallen-Leaf . . . . . 3

GROTE, AUGUSTUS RADCLIFFE.

Born in the United States [?], 18—.

Indian Summer . . . . . 59

## GUNNISON, ELISHA NORMAN.

Born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, May 15, 1837.

Died in York, Pennsylvania, February 18, 1880.

November . . . . . 50

## HARNEY, WILL WALLACE.

Born in Bloomington, Iowa, June 20, 1831.

Fallen Leaves . . . . . 71

## HARTZELL, J. HAZARD.

Born in Buffalo Township, Washington County, Pennsylvania, 18—.

Autumn is Ended . . . . . 82

## HAYNE, PAUL HAMILTON.

Born in Charleston, South Carolina, January 1, 1831.

Died in Grovetown, Columbia County, Georgia, July 6, 1886.

A November Picture . . . . . 141

Autumn Peace . . . . . 45

November . . . . . 77

## HEWLETT, HENRY GAY.

Born in London, England, April 4, 1832.

November . . . . . 44

## HIGGINSON, THOMAS WENTWORTH.

Born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, December 22, 1823.

November . . . . . 29

## HILDRETH, CHARLES LOTIN.

Born in New York City, August 28, 1853.

The Parting of Summer . . . . . 92

HIRST, HENRY B.

Born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, August 23, 1813.

Died in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, March 31, 1874.

Indian Summer . . . . . 59

HOFFMAN, CHARLES FENNO.

Born in New York City, 1806.

Died in Harrisburgh, Pennsylvania, June 7, 1884.

Indian Summer . . . . . 62

HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL.

Born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 29, 1809.

An Old Year Song . . . . . 133

HOOD, THOMAS.

Born in London, England, May 23, 1798.

Died in London, England, May 3, 1845.

Autumn . . . . . 29

November . . . . . 81

The Autumn is Old . . . . . 109

The Departure of Summer . . . . . 68

HOUGHTON, GEORGE WASHINGTON WRIGHT.

Born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 12, 1850.

Rain in November . . . . . 112

The Fall of Leaves . . . . . 70

IRVINE, JAMES POWER.

Born in Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania, May 15, 1845.

Indian Summer . . . . . 53

JOHNSON, ROBERT UNDERWOOD.

Born in Washington, District of Columbia, January 12, 1853.

In November . . . . . 69

## JOYCE, ROBERT DWYER.

Born in Glenostreen, Limerick County, Ireland, September, 1836.

Died in Dublin, Ireland, October 23, 1883.

At Autumn's End . . . . . 136

## KEBLE, JOHN.

Born in Fairford, Gloucestershire, England, April 25, 1792.

Died in Bournemouth, England, March 29, 1866.

Forest Leaves in Autumn . . . . . 27

## KENYON, JAMES BENJAMIN.

Born in Frankfort, Herkimer County, New York, April 26, 1858.

A November Grave . . . . . 142

## KING, MRS. HARRIET ELEANOR [HAMILTON].

Born in England, 1840.

The Indian Summer . . . . . 7

## LAIGHTON, ALBERT.

Born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, 1829.

In the Woods . . . . . 63

## LARCOM, LUCY.

Born in Beverly Farms, Massachusetts, 1826.

November . . . . . 18

The Indian Summer . . . . . 35

## LEARNED, WALTER.

Born in New London, Connecticut, June 22, 1847.

Indian Summer . . . . . 47

## LEFROY, EDWARD CRACROFT.

Born in London, England, March 29, 1855.

On the Beach in November . . . . . 91

LEWIS, MRS. HANNAH JANE [WOODMAN].

Born in Boston, Massachusetts, October 4, 1816.

Died in Boston, Massachusetts, January 30, 1885.

Autumn Hours . . . . . 52

LIDDELL, MRS. CHRISTINA CATHERINE [FRASER-TYTTLER].

Born in Narsick, India, February 14, 1848.

The Dying Year . . . . . 86

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH.

Born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807.

Died in Cambridge, Massachusetts, March 24, 1882.

November . . . . . 131

The Rainy Day . . . . . 114

LONGFELLOW, SAMUEL.

Born in Portland, Maine, June 18, 1819.

Indian Summer . . . . . 39

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL.

Born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, February 22, 1819.

An Indian Summer Reverie . . . . . 14

LUTTRELL, HENRY.

Born in Great Britain, 1770.

Died in Great Britain, 1851.

The November Fog of London . . . . . 80

MACE, MRS. FRANCES [LAUGHTON].

Born in Orono, Maine, January 15, 1836.

Indian Summer . . . . . 5

MACKELLAR, THOMAS.

Born in New York City, August 12, 1812.

Indian Summer . . . . . 28

## MASSEY, GERALD.

Born in Hertfordshire, England, May 29, 1828.

Autumn Song . . . . . 77

## MATTHEWS, JAMES NEWTON.

Born near Greencastle, Indiana, May 27, 1852.

November . . . . . 140

## MEREDITH, GEORGE.

Born in Hampshire, England, 1828.

Autumn Even-Song . . . . . 76

## MILNES, RICHARD MONCTON.

Born in Frystone Hall, Yorkshire, England, June 19, 1809.

Died in Vichy, France, August 11, 1885.

November Roses . . . . . 123

## MORRIS, WILLIAM.

Born near London, England, March, 1834.

In Late Autumn . . . . . *Title-page*

In November . . . . . 117

November . . . . . 101

The Pleasant Time is Well-Nigh Done . . . . . 138

## MOULTON, MRS. LOUISE [CHANDLER].

Born in Pomfret, Connecticut, April 10, 1835.

"Automne" . . . . . 142

## OBERHOLTZER, MRS. SARA LOUISA [VICKERS].

Born in Uwchlan, Chester County, Pennsylvania, May 20, 1841.

An Indian Summer Rose . . . . . 62

PARSONS, THOMAS WILLIAM.

Born in Boston, Massachusetts, August 18, 1819.

The Last Gentian . . . . . 96

PECK, SAMUEL MINTURN.

Born in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, November 4, 1854.

A Dirge . . . . . 120

PHILLIPS, MRS. SUSAN KELLY [HOLDSWORTH].

Born in Aldborough, Yorkshire, England, 1831.

In November . . . . . 72

PIATT, JOHN JAMES.

Born in Milton, Indiana, March 31, 1835.

Fallen Leaves . . . . . 104

PINKERTON, PERCY E.

Born in London, England, June 19, 1855.

Herbstlied . . . . . 139

PROCTOR, EDNA DEAN.

Born in Henniker, New Hampshire, 18—.

Indian Summer . . . . . 67

READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN.

Born near Chester, Pennsylvania, March 12, 1822.

Died in New York City, May 11, 1872.

Autumn's Sighing . . . . . 99

Indian Summer . . . . . 63

The Closing Scene . . . . . 145

RILEY, JAMES.

Born near Ballyshannon, Ireland, August 15, 1848.

November . . . . . 60

## ROBINSON, AGNES MARY FRANCES.

Born in Leamington, Warwickshire, England, February 27, 1857.

|                                |     |
|--------------------------------|-----|
| A Square in November . . . . . | 135 |
| In November . . . . .          | 13  |

## ROLLINS, MRS. ALICE MARLAND [WELLINGTON].

Born in Boston, Massachusetts, June 12, 1847.

|                         |    |
|-------------------------|----|
| Indian Summer . . . . . | 10 |
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## ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA GEORGINA.

Born in London, England, December 5, 1830.

|                             |     |
|-----------------------------|-----|
| November Wind . . . . .     | 48  |
| So Late in Autumn . . . . . | 124 |

## ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL.

Born in London, England, May 12, 1828.

Died in Birchington, near Margate, England, April 9, 1882.

|                           |   |
|---------------------------|---|
| Autumn Idleness . . . . . | 2 |
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## SAXTON, ANDREW BICE.

Born in Middlefield, New York, April 5, 1856.

|                            |     |
|----------------------------|-----|
| Indian Summer . . . . .    | 45  |
| Winter to Autumn . . . . . | 111 |

## SCOLLARD, CLINTON.

Born in Clinton, New York, September 18, 1860.

|                                |     |
|--------------------------------|-----|
| A November Dandelion . . . . . | 57  |
| A Song for November . . . . .  | 106 |
| In November . . . . .          | 126 |
| Kyrielle . . . . .             | 66  |

## SCOTT, SIR WALTER.

Born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771.

Died at Abbotsford, September 21, 1832.

|                       |     |
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| In November . . . . . | 128 |
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SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM.

Born in Stratford-on-Avon, April 23, 1564.

Died in Stratford-on-Avon, April 23, 1616.

November . . . . . 120

SHANLY, CHARLES DAWSON.

Born in Ireland, *circa* 1825.

Died in Jacksonville, Florida, April 15, 1875.

November in the Marshes . . . . . 37

SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE.

Born in Field Place, near Horsham, Surrey, England, August 4, 1792.

Drowned in the Bay of Spezzia, Italy, July 8, 1822.

Autumn — A Dirge . . . . . 119

SHERMAN, FRANK DEMPSTER.

Born in Peekskill, New York, May 6, 1860.

Indian Summer . . . . . 15

SHERWOOD, MRS. KATHARINE MARGARET [BROWNLEE].

Born in Bedford Springs, Pennsylvania, September 24, 1841.

Indian Summer . . . . . 24

SHURTLEFF, ERNEST WARBURTON.

Born in Boston, Massachusetts, April 4, 1862.

When Sun and Frost Have Wrought their Spell . 125

SIGOURNEY, MRS. LYDIA HOWARD [HUNTLEY].

Born in Norwich, Connecticut, September 1, 1791.

Died in Hartford, Connecticut, June 10, 1865.

The Indian Summer . . . . . 16

SMITH, GEORGE BARNETT.

Born in Ovenden, Yorkshire, May 17, 1841.

Autumn . . . . . 31

## SOUTHEY, MRS. CAROLINE ANN [BOWLES].

Born in Buckland, England, December 6, 1787.

Died in Buckland, England, July 20, 1854.

Autumn Flowers . . . . . 40

## SPENSER, EDMUND.

Born in London, England, *circa* 1553.

Died in London, England, January 15, 1599.

November . . . . . 26

## STODDARD, MRS. ELIZABETH DREW [BARSTOW].

Born in Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, 1823.

November . . . . . 1

## STODDARD, RICHARD HENRY.

Born in Hingham, Massachusetts, July, 1825.

November . . . . . 46

## STREET, ALFRED BILLINGS.

Born in Poughkeepsie, New York, December<sup>18</sup>, 1811.

Died in Albany, New York, June 2, 1881.

Indian Summer . . . . . 49

## SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES.

Born in London, England, April 5, 1837.

Autumn in Cornwall . . . . . 87

Near Autumn's End . . . . . 138

## SYMONDS, JOHN ADDINGTON.

Born in Bristol, England, October 5, 1840.

November . . . . . 95

TAYLOR, BAYARD.

Born in Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, January 11, 1825.

Died in Berlin, Germany, December 19, 1878.

A November Pastoral . . . . . 89

TAYLOR, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Born in Lowville, New York, 1822.

Indian Summer . . . . . 4

TENNYSON, ALFRED.

Born in Somersby, Lincolnshire, England, August 5, 1809.

November Wind . . . . . 100

TENNYSON-TURNER, CHARLES.

Born in Somersby, Lincolnshire, England, July 4, 1808.

Died in Cheltenham, England, April 25, 1879.

November Sunshine and the Houseflies . . . 75

THAYER, STEPHEN HENRY.

Born in New Ipswich, New Hampshire, December 16, 1839.

Indian Summer . . . . . 20

November . . . . . 113

THAXTER, MRS. CELIA [LAIGHTON].

Born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, June 29, 1835.

November . . . . . 58

THOMPSON, JAMES MAURICE.

Born in Fairfield, Indiana, September 9, 1844.

November . . . . . 4

TIMROD, HENRY.

Born in Charleston, South Carolina, December 8, 1829.

Died in Columbia, South Carolina, October 6, 1867.

Not Winter Yet . . . . . 34

## TOOKER, L. FRANK.

Born in the United States, 18—.

Indian Summer . . . . . 41

## VANNAH, LETITIA CATHARINE.

Born in Gardiner, Maine, October 27, 1855.

A June Day in November . . . . . 22

## VERY, JONES.

Born in Salem, Massachusetts, August 28, 1813.

Died in Salem, Massachusetts, May 8, 1880.

Autumn Days . . . . . 144

## WEBSTER, MRS. AUGUSTA [DAVIES].

Born in Poole, Dorsetshire, England, 1840.

Belated . . . . . 98

## WEEKS, ROBERT KELLEY.

Born in New York City, September 21, 1840.

Died in New York City, April 13, 1876.

A Sunset in November . . . . . 84

Autumn Song . . . . . 55

## WHITMAN, MRS. SARAH HELEN [POWER].

Born in Providence, Rhode Island, January 19, 1803.

Died in Providence, Rhode Island, June 27, 1878.

A November Landscape . . . . . 37

## WHITNEY, ERNEST.

Born in Cornwall, Connecticut, February 2, 1858.

The Change . . . . . 24

The Midnight of the Year . . . . . 144

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF.

Born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, December 17, 1807.

|                                   |     |
|-----------------------------------|-----|
| Hazel Blossoms . . . . .          | 114 |
| The Hunter's Moon . . . . .       | 48  |
| The Last Walk in Autumn . . . . . | 93  |

WILLSON, BYRON FORCEYTHE.

Born in Little Genesee, New York, April 10, 1837.

Died in Alfred, New York, February 2, 1867.

|                       |       |
|-----------------------|-------|
| Autumn Song . . . . . | xxxiv |
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WOOLSEY, SARAH CHAUNCEY.

Born in Cleveland, Ohio, 18—.

|                    |     |
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| November . . . . . | 105 |
|--------------------|-----|



NOVEMBER.

## AUTUMN SONG.

*In Spring the Poet is glad,  
And in Summer the Poet is gay;  
But in Autumn the Poet is sad,  
And has something sad to say:*

*For the Wind moans in the Wood,  
And the Leaf drops from the Tree;  
And the cold Rain falls on the graves of the Good,  
And the cold Mist comes up from the Sea:*

*And the Autumn songs of the Poet's soul  
Are set to the passionate grief  
Of Winds that sigh and Bells that toll  
The Dirge of the Falling Leaf.*

BYRON FORCEYTHE WILLSON.



# NOVEMBER.

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## NOVEMBER.

MUCH have I spoken of the faded leaf ;  
Long have I listened to the wailing wind,  
And watched it plowing through the heavy clouds ;  
For autumn charms my melancholy mind.

When autumn comes the poets sing a dirge :  
The year must perish : all the flowers are dead ;  
The sheaves are gathered, and the mottled quail  
Runs in the stubble, but the lark has fled.

Still, autumn ushers in the Christmas cheer,  
The hollyberries and the ivy-tree :  
They weave a chaplet for the Old Year's bier ;  
These waiting mourners do not sing for me !

I find sweet peace in depths of autumn woods,  
Where grow the ragged ferns and roughened moss ;  
The naked, silent trees have taught me this, —  
*The loss of beauty is not always loss !*

MRS. ELIZABETH DREW [BARSTOW] STODDARD.

*AUTUMN IDLENESS.*

THIS sunlight shames November where he grieves  
 In dead red leaves, and will not let him shun  
 The day, though bough with bough be overrun.  
 But with a blessing every glade receives  
 High salutation ; while from hillock-eaves  
 The deer gaze calling, dappled white and dun ;  
 As if being foresters of old, the sun  
 Had marked them with the shade of forest leaves.  
 Here dawn to-day unveiled her magic glass ;  
 Here noon now gives the thirst and takes the dew ;  
 Till eve bring rest when other good things pass,  
 And here the lost hours the lost hours renew  
 While I still lead my shadow o'er the grass,  
 Nor know, for longing, that which I should do.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

*A LOST SUMMER.*

HAS anyone seen a lost summer,  
 Strayed, stolen, or otherwise gone,  
 First missed when the leaves of September,  
 Turned, showed us a frost-graven dawn ?  
 And now she has hidden in frolic  
 Beneath the low-lying, bright leaves.  
 Has anyone seen a lost summer  
 Afield with the banded cornsheaves ?

MRS. ETHELINDA [ELLIOTT] BEERS.

*MAPLE LEAVES.*

OCTOBER turned my maple's leaves to gold ;  
The most are gone now ; here and there one lingers :  
Soon these will slip from out the twigs' weak hold,  
Like coins between a dying miser's fingers.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

*FADING-LEAF AND FALLEN-LEAF.*

SAID Fading-Leaf to Fallen-Leaf,  
"I toss alone on a forsaken tree,  
It rocks and cracks with every gust that rocks  
Its straining bulk : say ! how is it with thee ?"

Said Fallen-Leaf to Fading-Leaf,  
"A heavy foot went by, an hour ago :  
Crushed into clay, I stain the way ;  
The loud wind calls me, and I cannot go."

Said Fading-Leaf to Fallen-Leaf,  
"Death lessons Life, a ghost is ever wise :  
Teach me a way to live till May  
Laughs fair with fragrant lips and loving eyes !"

Said Fallen-Leaf to Fading-Leaf,  
"Hast loved fair eyes and lips of gentle breath ?  
Fade then, and fall ! thou hast had all  
That Life can give ; ask somewhat now of Death !"

RICHARD GARNETT.

*INDIAN SUMMER.*

· THEN past the yellow regiments of corn  
There came an Indian maiden, autumn-born,  
And June returned and held her by the hand,  
And led Time's smiling Ruth through all the land;  
A veil of golden air was o'er her flung,  
The south wind whispered and the robins sung.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TAYLOR.

*NOVEMBER.*

A HINT of slumber in the wind,  
A dreamful stir of blades and stalks,  
As tenderly the twilight flows  
Down all my garden walks.

My robes of work are thrown aside,  
The odor of the grass is sweet;  
The pleasure of a day well spent  
Bathes me from head to feet.

Calmly I wait the dreary change, —  
The season cutting sharp and sheer  
Through the wan bowers of death that fringe  
The border of the year.

And while I muse, the fated earth  
Into a colder current dips, —  
Feels winter's scourge with summer's kiss  
Still warm upon her lips.

JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON.

*INDIAN SUMMER.*

WHEN the hunter's moon is waning,  
And hangs like a crimson bow,  
And the frosty fields of morning  
Are white with phantom snow ;  
Who then is the beautiful spirit,  
That wanders, smiles and grieves  
Along the desolate hillsides,  
And over the drifted leaves ?

She has strayed from the far-off dwelling  
Of forgotten Indian braves,  
And stolen wistfully earthward  
Over the path of graves ;  
She has left the cloudy gateway  
Of the hunting grounds ajar,  
To follow the trail of the summer  
Toward the morning star.

There's a rustle of soft, slow footsteps,  
The toss of a purple plume,  
And the glimmer of golden arrows  
Athwart the hazy gloom.  
'Tis the smoke of the happy wigwams  
That reddens our wintry sky,  
The scent of unfading forests  
That is dreamily floating by.

O shadow sister of summer !  
Astray from the world of dreams,  
Thou wraith of the bloom departed,  
Thou echo of springtide streams,  
Thou moonlight and starlight vision  
Of a day that will come no more,  
Would that our love might win thee  
To dwell on this stormy shore !

But the roaming Indian goddess  
Stays not for our tender sighs ;  
She has heard the call of her hunters  
Beyond the sunset skies.  
By her beaming arrows stricken  
The last leaves fluttering fall,  
With a sigh and a smile she has vanished,  
And darkness is over all.

MRS. FRANCES [LAUGHTON] MACE.

### NOVEMBER.

THE crimson, and the russet, and the gold,  
The palest green that gives a hint of spring,  
And nameless colors that swift breezes fling  
From waving trees : tall dahlias crisped by cold  
Vie with the sunrise, as some men when old  
Are brightest, or as swans, when dying, sing,  
Or a sweet strain the fickle zephyrs bring  
Stopped short before its burden is all told.

O fair November, lesson us, we pray ;  
O sweet, sad season, teach us ere you go ;  
O teach us, ere your mellow lights have passed,  
The secret in the fading of your day ;  
That when life's end approaches, we may know  
The way to make our fairest, brightest, *last!*

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

. . . . .  
Now after hoping long and vain,  
The summer has come back again,  
With angel eyes and brow serene,  
To show us what she might have been.

. . . . .  
She comes to take farewell to-day,  
So beautiful, we can but say  
"With us a little longer stay!"  
But doom is on her brow.

All lovingly and lingeringly  
Flooded in golden ecstasy  
Flows the great river's heart, as he  
Through the clear silence, mellow-warm,  
Knows the approaching of her form, —  
Her robes around her dim ;  
Faint floating veils the light shines through  
Tinged airily with mountain blue  
As she comes down to him.

Down soft and slow through sunlit space,  
She hovers o'er him face to face,  
Her warm arms spreading to embrace ;  
Her spirit eyes are close to him,  
Her sweet eyes that will soon be dim ;  
He feels her lips a moment prest,  
Her golden hair upon his breast,  
And an unutterable rest

    Circling through all his spirit thrills,  
And into motion quietest  
    The gliding current stills.

A golden haze on Cheviot lies,  
    And it is midday now, — he knows  
That when this day in sunset dies  
    She will go from him ; and the snows  
Will bury her upon the hills,  
    And winter winds howl over her,  
So this last day for him she fills  
    For ever lovelier.

The soft wind and the yellow leaves  
Are having their last dance together,  
Up and down, an oriole feather.  
“O life and love, and summer weather !  
Is this our parting ?” Even so ;  
A little gust of wind, and lo,



A flight of golden butterflies  
 In slow and airy quiver  
 Winged downwards, and each dead leaf lies  
 Floated along the river.  
 And over them the lost wind sighs,  
 They lying calm for ever.

MRS. HARRIET ELEANOR [HAMILTON] KING.

## NOVEMBER.

NOVEMBER, month of mornings misty-bright  
 With golden light ;  
 Month when the many-tinted leaf  
 Lies thick upon the moss below ;  
 While to and fro  
 The breezes moan, as if in grief.

November, who dost swell the mountain streams  
 To break the dreams  
 Of the long summer's silent sway ;  
 And rousest the tumultuous floods  
 Through glens and woods  
 To thunder all the sullen day.

The wandering swallows at thy bidding fly  
 Athwart the sky,  
 And dare to pass the whirling seas,  
 Nor pause until their pinions flutter  
 Where wavelets utter  
 Low songs among the Cyclades.

. . . . .

November, thou hast wreaths of evergreen,  
Fair brows to screen,  
Mingled with berries ruddy-hued ;  
And the old ivy, plant divine,  
Young locks to twine,  
Though summer's glory is subdued.

The poet praises June's bright glance of glee,  
And July free,  
Dancing, flower-laden, o'er the plain ;  
The myriad blossoms wonder-bright,  
Which cast delight  
O'er the wide land and clasping main.

But me thy humid sky doth gladden more,  
The streamlet's roar,  
The shadows floating far away,  
Strange sounds that, in thy milder moods,  
Fill all the woods, —  
The very music of decay.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

*INDIAN SUMMER.*

LINGER, O Day !  
Let not thy purple haze  
Fade utterly away.  
The Indian Summer lays  
Her tender touch upon the emerald hills ;  
Exquisite thrills

Of delicate gladness fill the blue-veined air.  
    More restful even than rest,  
The passionate sweetness that is everywhere.  
    Soft splendors in the west  
Touch with the charm of coming changefulness  
    The yielding hills.  
    O linger, Day !  
    Let not the dear  
Delicious languor of thy dreamfulness  
    Vanish away.  
    Serene and clear,  
The brooding stillness of the delicate air,  
Dreamier than the dreamiest depths of sleep,  
    Falls softly everywhere.  
    Still let me keep  
    One little hour longer tryst with thee,  
    O Day of days !  
    Lean down to me, .  
In tender beauty of thy amethyst haze.  
    Upon the vine  
Rich, clinging clusters of the ripening grape  
    Hang silent in the sun ;  
    But in each one  
Beats with full throb the quickening purple wine  
Whose pulse shall round the perfect fruit to shape.  
    Too dreamy even to dream,  
I hear the murmuring bee and gliding stream ;  
    The singing silence of the afternoon  
Lulling my drowsy senses, till they swoon

Into still deeper rest ;  
While soul released from sense,  
Passionate and intense,  
With quick, exultant quiver in its wings,  
Prophetic longing for diviner things,  
Escapes the unthinking breast ;  
Pierces rejoicing through the shining mist,  
But shrinks before the keen, cold ether, kissed  
By burning stars : delirious foretaste  
Of joys the soul — too eager in its haste  
To grasp ere won by the diviner right  
Of birth through death — is far too weak to bear !  
Bathed in earth's lesser light,  
Slipping down slowly through the shining air,  
Once more it steals into the dreaming breast,  
Praying again to be its patient guest ;  
And as my senses wake,  
The beautiful glad soul again to take,  
The twilight falls ;  
A lonely woodthrush calls  
The Day away.  
Thou needst not linger, Day !  
My soul and I  
Would hold high converse of diviner things  
Than blossom underneath thy tender sky.  
Unfold thy wings !  
Wrap softly round thyself thy delicate haze,  
And gliding down the slowly darkening ways,  
Vanish away !

MRS. ALICE MARLAND [WELLINGTON] ROLLINS.

## NOVEMBER.

THE mellow year is hasting to its close ;  
The little birds have almost sung their last,  
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast,  
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows ;  
The patient beauty of the scentless rose,  
Oft with the morn's hoar crystal quaintly glassed,  
Hangs a pale mourner for the summer past,  
And makes a little summer where it grows ;  
In the chill sunbeam of the faint brief day  
The dusky waters shudder as they shine ;  
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way  
Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks define,  
And the gaunt woods, in ragged, scant array,  
Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy-twine.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

## IN NOVEMBER.

THE bracken withers day by day,  
The furze is out of bloom.  
Over the common the heather is grey,  
And there's no gold left on the broom ;  
And the least wind flutters a golden fleck  
From the three tall aspens that grow in the beck.

AGNES MARY FRANCES ROBINSON.

*Man and Wife.*

*AN INDIAN SUMMER REVERIE.*

WHAT visionary tints the year puts on,  
When falling leaves falter through the motionless air  
Or numbly cling and shiver to be gone !  
How shimmer the low flats and pastures bare,  
As with her nectar Hebe Autumn fills  
The bowl between me and those distant hills,  
And smiles and shakes abroad her misty, tremulous  
hair !

. . . . .

Far distant sounds the hidden chickadee  
Close at my side ; far distant sound the leaves ;  
The fields seem fields of dream, where memory  
Wanders like gleaning Ruth ; and as the sheaves  
Of wheat and barley wavered in the eye  
Of Boaz as the maiden's glow went by,  
So tremble and seem remote all things the sense  
receives.

The cock's shrill trump that tells of scattered corn,  
Passed breezily on by all his flapping mates,  
Faint and more faint, from barn to barn is borne,  
Southward, perhaps to far Magellan's straits ;  
Dimly I catch the throb of distant flails ;  
Silently overhead the henhawk sails,  
With watchful, measuring eye, and for his quarry  
waits.

The sobered robin, hunger-silent now,  
Seeks cedarberries blue, his autumn cheer;  
The squirrel, on the shingly shagbark's bough,  
Now saws, now lists with downward eye and ear,  
Then drops his nut, and, with a chipping bound,  
Whirls to his winding fastness underground;  
The clouds like swans drift down the streaming atmosphere.

O'er yon bare knoll the pointed cedar shadows  
Drowse on the crisp, grey moss; the plowman's  
call

Creeps faint as smoke from black, fresh-furrowed  
meadows;  
The single crow a single caw lets fall;  
And all around me every bush and tree  
Says autumn's here and winter soon will be,  
Who snows his soft, white sleep and silence over all.

. . . . .

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

*INDIAN SUMMER.*

Across the billowy meadow grasses  
The summer passes with languid tread,  
And where she journeys the path is burning  
And leaves are turning to brown and red.

She goes in silence across the valley  
Where low winds rally around her track,  
And touch her garments and murmur, "Maiden,  
With roses laden, come back, — come back!"

She does not heed them, — she does not listen;  
Her soft eyes glisten with welling tears;  
Her heart grows heavy for not replying  
To verdure dying, to prayers she hears,

Until, in pity, she turns and lingers  
To kiss the fingers fast growing cold,  
And all the earth for a moment's pleasure  
Yields up her treasure of yellow gold!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

### THE INDIAN SUMMER.

WHEN was the red man's summer?

When the rose  
Hung its first banner out? When the grey rock,  
Or the brown heath, the radiant kalmia clothed?  
Or when the loiterer by the reedy brooks  
Started to see the proud lobelia glow  
Like living flame? When through the forest gleamed  
The rhododendron, or the fragrant breath  
Of the magnolia swept deliciously  
O'er the half laden nerve?



No. When the groves  
In fleeting colors wrote their own decay,  
And leaves fell eddying on the sharpened blast  
That sang their dirge; when o'er their rustling bed  
The red deer sprang, or fled the shrill-voiced quail,  
Heavy of wing and fearful; when, with heart  
Foreboding or depressed, the white man marked  
The signs of coming winter, then began  
The Indian's joyous season. Then the haze,  
Soft and illusive as a fairy dream,  
Lapped all the landscape in its silvery fold.  
The quiet rivers that were wont to hide  
'Neath shelving banks, beheld their course betrayed  
By the white mist that o'er their foreheads crept,  
While wrapped in morning dreams, the sea and sky  
Slept 'neath one curtain, as if both were merged  
In the same element. Slowly the sun,  
And all reluctantly, the spell dissolved,  
And then it took upon its parting wing  
A rainbow glory.

Gorgeous was the time,  
Yet brief as gorgeous. Beautiful to thee,  
Our brother hunter, but to us replete  
With musing thoughts in melancholy train.  
Our joys, alas! too oft were woe to thee,  
Yet ah, poor Indian! whom we fain would drive  
Both from our hearts, and from thy fathers' lands,  
The perfect year doth bear thee on its crown,  
And when we would forget, repeat thy name.

MRS. LYDIA HOWARD [HUNTLEY] SIGOURNEY.

## NOVEMBER.

WHO said November's face was grim ?

Who said her voice was harsh and sad ?

I heard her sing in wood-paths dim,

I met her on the shore, so glad,

So smiling, I could kiss her feet !

There never was a month so sweet.

October's splendid robes that hid

The beauty of the white-limbed trees,

Have dropped in tatters ; yet amid

Those perfect forms the gazer sees

A proud wood-monarch here and there,

Garments of wine-dipped crimson wear.

In precious flakes the autumnal gold

Is clinging to the forest's fringe :

Yon bare twig to the sun will hold

Each separate leaf, to show the tinge

Of glorious rose-light reddening through

Its jewels, beautiful as few.

Where short-lived wild flowers bloomed and died,

The slanting sunbeams fall across

Vine broideries, woven from side to side

Above mosaics of tinted moss.

So does the Eternal Artist's skill

Hide beauty under beauty still.

And if no note of bee or bird  
Through the rapt stillness of the woods  
Or the sea's murmurous trance be heard,  
A Presence in these solitudes  
Upon the spirit seems to press  
The dew of God's dear silences.

And if, out of some inner heaven,  
With soft relenting comes a day  
Whereto the heart of June is given,  
All subtle scents and spicery  
Through forest crypts and arches steal,  
With power unnumbered hurts to heal.

Through yonder rended veil of green  
That used to shut the sky from me,  
New glimpses of vast blue are seen;  
I never guessed that so much sea  
Bordered my little plot of ground,  
And held me clasped so close around.

This is the month of sunrise skies  
Intense with molten mist and flame;  
Out of the purple deeps arise  
Colors no painter yet could name:  
Gold-lilies and the cardinal flower  
Were pale against this gorgeous hour.

Still lovelier when athwart the east  
The level beam of sunset falls :  
The tints of wild flowers long deceased  
Glow then upon the horizon walls ;  
Shades of the rose and violet  
Close to their dear world lingering yet.

What idleness, to moan and fret  
For any season fair, gone by !  
Life's secret is not guessed at yet ;  
Veil under veil its wonders lie.  
Through grief and loss made glorious  
The soul of past joy lives in us.

More welcome than voluptuous gales  
This keen, crisp air, as conscience clear ;  
November breathes no flattering tales ;  
The plain truth-teller of the year ;  
Who wins her heart, and he alone,  
Knows she has sweetness all her own.

LUCY LARCOM.

### INDIAN SUMMER.

A DREAMY haze of light ; a fair deceiver ;  
A ghost of summer's solstice, whose feigned smile  
Half counterfeits the real ; ah, false retriever !  
Yet art a sweet consoler in thy guile.

What gentle warmth, what odors from the valleys  
Drug the duped senses with their luring stealth !  
The fancy drinks again from May's sweet chalice,  
And revels in its fairy land of wealth.

It is the autumn's dotage, mid-November,  
When skies, seductive, seem to woo the earth ;  
When e'en the flowers, if living, would remember  
The softer airs that swayed them at their birth.

The flowers, alas ! their perfumes have departed :  
Along the streamlet's marge and upland path  
Vainly I search for them, till, lonely-hearted,  
I pluck, despondingly, the aftermath.

Within the barren depths of woodland yonder  
I seem to hear the bluebirds caroling,  
And silently through reedy thickets wander,  
To find there but the mockeries of spring.

The thrushes, where are they, whose notes resounded  
When all the air was vocal in the June ?  
Their echoes then from hill to vale rebounded,  
But now are banished out of time and tune.

The strolling piper blows a shrilly whistle ;  
The hunter calls his dogs from hedge and quail ;  
The maiden plucks the last-blown downy thistle,  
And homeward, singing, tracks the beaten trail.

The banners of the forest fields have faded,  
 And rustle in the lowly ways beneath ;  
 The sleepy solitudes that once they shaded,  
 Now, desolate, cherish them like some dead wreath.

And still the waning sunlit glories linger  
 To fire the dying embers with their gleam,  
 Until death touches all with ominous finger,  
 And frowns with frozen visage on the dream.

. . . . .

STEPHEN HENRY THAYER.

*A JUNE DAY IN NOVEMBER.*

THE wondrous fairness of the day  
 Is dying, sweet, for aye, for aye, —

Dying, and we cannot keep it here  
 For all your pleading look or tear.

The glory fades from shore and river,  
 And we grow still, your dear lips quiver ;

As many thoughts as there'll be stars  
 Are there beyond the crimson bars,

Longing for words to set them free  
 Ere darkness hides your face from me.

How strange that June should come again,  
And bring such joy, then leave such pain

Now as she dies, and bleak November  
Creeps back again. I shall remember

As long as life with me shall stay  
The beauty of this summer day.

I oft shall see as I see now  
The fairness of your low, sweet brow,

Your soulful eyes, your golden hair,  
The dying sunlight lingering there,

Making a halo round your head, —  
And, oh, your mouth so richly red !

Your image in the water there  
Is going with the light ; the air

Is chilly, sweet ; we cannot stay  
Dreaming forever, though one day

Was fair, and sad, and sweet — all three —  
To you, my loved one, and to me.

The stars are up, the night comes fast ;  
Our day is dead, — forever past !

LETITIA CATHARINE VANNAH.

## INDIAN SUMMER.

HER harvests gathered and her wines distilled,  
And all fair robes laid by for festal spring,  
The year sits down her argosies to build  
That shall from orient climes sweet traffic bring.

With wistful smiles she sets them all afloat,  
Beneath blue skies soft veiled with gathering  
mist —

Like tears that rise in mother-eyes that note  
The dear girl-face some beckoning love has  
kissed —

And says: "Go forth where rarest lilies bloom!  
Bear spice and perfume from the nether seas!  
When silent grows the winter's crashing loom  
Return with all the joy of buds and bees!"

MRS. KATHARINE MARGARET [BROWNLEE] SHIERWOOD.

## THE CHANGE.

ACROSS the valley where the wood  
Grew thick with oak and maple,  
Over the mountain side where stood  
The pine in winter sable,



Where'er the spreading forest hung  
Its branches rough and hoary,  
The hangings of the month were flung,  
A wreath of autumn glory.

No boisterous wind with vandal clutch  
Tore out one fleck of color,  
No rains fell with polluting touch  
To turn the paintings duller.

For weeks the days were warm and still,  
And filled with yellow hazes,  
The midnights silent, clear and chill  
And bright with starry mazes.

Through these long galleries of art  
From picture on to picture,  
We strolled, reluctant to depart,  
While yet the tints grew richer.

For still the beauty brighter grew,  
The landscape ever fairer ;  
Each morning brought a deeper hue,  
Each evening left a rarer.

At length one night across the land  
A boding sunset splendor  
With golden threads the valley spanned,  
Like harpstrings, long and slender.

And in the night the wind and cloud  
Rallied as legions rally,  
And a fierce tempest, strong and loud,  
Swept through the lonely valley.

And when the grey and dismal light  
Came struggling in at morning,  
No brilliant thing was left in sight  
Save here and there, adorning

Some naked bough, a crimson leaf  
Was in the tempest shaken,  
Giving the final touch of grief  
To the sad scene forsaken.

ERNEST WHITNEY.

### NOVEMBER.

NEXT was November ; he full gross and fat  
As fed with lard, and that right well might seem,  
For he had been a fattening hogs of late,  
That yet his brows with sweat did reek and steam ;  
And yet the season was full sharp and breem :  
In planting eke he took no small delight.  
Whereon he rode not easy was to deem,  
For it a dreadful Centaur was in sight,  
The seed of Saturn and fair Vais, Chiron hight.

EDMUND SPENSER.

*The Faërie Queene.*

*FOREST LEAVES IN AUTUMN.*

RED o'er the forest peers the setting sun,  
The line of yellow light dies fast away  
That crowned the eastern copse ; and chill and dun  
Falls on the moor the brief November day.

Now the tired hunter winds a parting note,  
And Echo bids goodnight from every glade ;  
Yet wait awhile, and see the calm leaves float  
Each to his rest beneath their parent shade.

How like decaying life they seem to glide !  
And yet no second spring have they in store,  
But where they fall, forgotten to abide,  
Is all their portion, and they ask no more.

Soon o'er their heads blithe April airs shall sing,  
A thousand wild-flowers round them shall unfold,  
The green buds glisten in the dews of spring,  
And all be vernal rapture as of old.

Unconscious, they in waste oblivion lie,  
In all the world of busy life around  
No thought of them ; in all the bounteous sky  
No drop, for them, of kindly influence found.

JOHN KEBLE.  
*The Christian Year.*

## INDIAN SUMMER.

THESE days of balmy breathings say  
The spirit of the south  
Is lingering on her homeward way,  
Sweets dropping from her mouth :  
Her presence field and forest fills,  
And tunes to music all the rills.

The brilliant leaves adorn the trees,  
Within whose cooling shade  
The aged men inhaled the breeze  
And many an urchin played.  
The trees whose dying loveliness  
Is brighter than their summer dress.

The boughs are tenantless of birds :  
The squirrel's chirp is heard  
Where concerts of melodious words  
The woods and orchards stirred :  
Light-hearted warblers ! wise betimes,  
They've hied away to sunnier climes.

. . . . .

THOMAS MACKELLAR.

*AUTUMN.*

THE autumn skies are flushed with gold,  
And fair and bright the rivers run ;  
These are but streams of winter cold  
And painted mists that quench the sun.

In secret boughs no sweet birds sing,  
In secret boughs no bird can shroud ;  
These are but leaves that take to wing,  
And wintry winds that pipe so loud.

'Tis not trees' shade, but cloudy glooms  
That on the cheerless valleys fall ;  
The flowers are in their grassy tombs,  
And tears of dew are on them all.

THOMAS HOOD.

*NOVEMBER.*

THE fitful flaws sail over the river  
For ever away, for ever away ;  
The scattering oak leaves whirl and quiver,  
Tossed by the wind away.

The bare boughs wave to the bare wild sky,  
Grey against solemn grey :  
The dim waves break on the dim shore nigh,  
And the shore and the waves are grey.

Take my heart in your mighty arms,  
Wrapt in a mantle grey;  
Bind it, O spirits, with awful charms,  
And bear it away, away.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

WHAT is there saddening in the autumn leaves?  
Have they that "green and yellow melancholy"  
That the sweet poet spake of? — Had he seen  
*Our* variegated woods, when first the frost  
Turns into beauty all October's charms,  
When the dread fever quits us, when the storms  
Of the wild Equinox, with all its wet,  
Have left the land, as the first deluge left it,  
With a bright bow of many colors hung  
Upon the forest tops — he had not sighed.

The moon stays longest for the hunter now;  
The trees cast down their fruitage, and the blithe  
And busy squirrel hoards his winter store;  
While man enjoys the breeze that sweeps along  
The bright blue sky above him, and that bends  
Magnificently all the forest's pride,  
Or whispers through the evergreens, and asks,  
*"What is there saddening in the autumn leaves?"*

JOHN GARDINER CALKINS BRAHARD.

## AUTUMN.

THE rooks are calling, calling, calling,  
The rooks are calling from the tree ;  
The withered leaves are falling, falling,  
And the winds sigh heavily :  
And the human soul at this rotting hour,  
With the drooping flower,  
Doth inward groan,  
And to its fellow maketh grievous moan.

Yet not with man and flower alone  
Hath this year's time  
Lost all its golden prime,  
And saddened into languor and decay ;  
But, one by one,  
Heaven's choristers have gone,  
And taken all their song away, away.

I saw the fruitage shaken, shaken,  
I saw the fruitage shaken from the tree ;  
And, when the boughs knew all their riches taken,  
They bent in agony,  
And now, for very grief,  
Scarce a leaf  
Doth upward turn its face of yellowing hue  
To sun or dew.

But all these earth-bowed trees, though dying, dying,  
Bear summed within them seed for other years ;  
Then take, my soul, the burden of their sighing,  
And stay these blinding tears.  
We live, bear fruit, and fade on earth,  
Till the even of life's story,  
And only in yon land whence we had birth  
Inherit undecaying glory !

GEORGE BARNETT SMITH.

*INDIAN SUMMER.*

THAT soft autumnal time  
Is gone, that sheds upon the naked scene  
Charms only known in this our northern clime,  
Bright seasons far between.

The woodland foliage now  
Is gathered by the wild November blast ;  
Even the thick leaves upon the oaken bough  
Are fallen, to the last.

The mighty vines that round  
The forest trunks their slender branches bind,  
Their crimson foliage shaken to the ground,  
Swing naked to the wind.

Some living green remains,  
By the clear brook that shines along the lawn,  
But the sere grass stands white o'er all the plains,  
And the bright flowers are gone.



But these, these are thy charms, —

Mild airs, and tempered light upon the lea,  
And the year holds no time within his arms,  
That doth resemble thee.

The sunny noon is thine,

Soft, golden, noiseless as the dead of night,  
And hues that in the flushed horizon shine,  
At eve and early light.

The year's last, loveliest smile,

Thou com'st to fill with hope the human heart,  
And strengthen it to bear the storms awhile,  
Till winter's frowns depart.

O'er the wide plains that lie

A desolate scene, the fires of autumn spread.  
And on the blue walls of the starry sky,  
A strange, wild glimmer shed.

Far in a sheltered nook,

I've met, in these calm days, a smiling flower,  
A lonely aster, trembling by a brook,  
At noon's warm, quiet hour.

And something told my mind

That should old age to childhood call me back,  
Some sunny days and flowers I still might find  
Along life's weary track.

JOHN HOWARD BRYANT.

*A MORNING OF LATE AUTUMN.*

THIS is the year's despair : some wind, last night,  
Uttered too soon the irrevocable word,  
And the leaves heard it and the low clouds heard ;  
So a wan morning dawned, of sterile light,  
The few flowers hid their faces out of sight,  
The cattle drowsed, and one disconsolate bird  
Chirped a weak note ; last came this mist, and  
blurred  
The hills, and fed upon the fields like blight.  
Ah, why so swift despair ! There yet will be  
Warm noons, the honeyed leaving of the year,  
Hours of rich musing, ripest autumn's core,  
And late heaped fruit, and falling hedgeberry,  
Blossoms in cottage crofts, and yet, once more,  
A song not less than June's, fervent and clear.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

*NOT WINTER YET.*

IT is not winter yet, but that sweet time  
In autumn when the first cool days are past ;  
A week ago, the leaves were hoar with rime,  
And some have dropped before the north wind's  
blast ;  
But the mild hours are back, and at midnight,  
The day hath all the genial warmth of noon.

HENRY TIMROD.

*A Vision of Poesy.*

*THE INDIAN SUMMER.*

'Tis the time  
When the chime  
Of the seasons' choral band is ringing out.  
Smoky brightness fills the air,  
For the light winds everywhere  
Censers full of flowery embers swing about.  
There is sweetness that oppresses,  
As a tender parting blesses ;  
There's a softened glow of beauty,  
As when Love is wreathing Duty ;  
There are melodies that seem  
Weaving past and future into one fair dream.

To her bier  
Comes the year, —  
Not with weeping and distress, as mortals do ;  
But, to guide her way to it,  
All the trees have torches lit.  
Crimson maples are ablaze, the woodlands through ;  
Gay witch-hazels in the river  
Watch their own bright tapers quiver ;  
Flickering burn the birches yellow ;  
Walnuts glimmer, brown and mellow ;  
Dark, sad pines stand breathless by,  
Mourners sole, and mourning that they cannot die.

Through the trees  
Tolls the breeze ;  
Tolls, then rings a merry peal, and tolls again.  
Dead leaves, shaken by the sound,  
Slowly float and drop around :  
So does memory lull or echo thoughts of pain.  
Dead leaves lie upon earth's bosom,  
Side by side with many a blossom ;  
Gentians, fringed with azure glory,  
Sky-flakes, dropped on meadows hoary ;  
Asters, thick and bright as sparks  
Struck by seraph oarsmen from their starry barks.

O to die  
When the sky  
Smiles behind the Indian Summer's hazy veil !  
Thus to glorify decay,  
Going in life's best array,  
Unto groves where death is a forgotten tale !  
Falls a shadow on the spirit ?  
Heavenly hopes are springing near it.  
Earth, a happy child, rejoices,  
Keeping time with angel voices :  
When such autumn days are done,  
There's a crown behind thy rays, thou setting sun.

LUCY LARCOM.

*A NOVEMBER LANDSCAPE.*

How like a rich and gorgeous picture hung  
In memory's storied hall, seems that fair scene  
O'er which long years their mellowing tints have  
flung.

The wayside flowers had faded one by one,  
Hoar were the hills, the meadows drear and dun,  
When homeward, wending, 'neath the dusky screen  
Of the autumnal woods at close of day,  
As o'er a pineclad height my pathway lay,  
Lo! at a sudden turn, the vale below  
Lay far outspread, all flushed with purple light;  
Grey rocks and umbered woods gave back the glow  
Of the last daybeams fading into night;  
While down the glen where fair Moshaussuck flows,  
With all its kindling lamps the distant city rose.

MRS. SARAH HELEN [POWER] WHITMAN.

*NOVEMBER IN THE MARSHES.*

OLD Frost, the silversmith, has come :  
His crisping touch is on the weeds ;  
The lingering flowers must now succumb,  
And sing their death-song to the reeds ;  
The purple phlox that bends its head  
With mournful gaze the marsh-pool o'er,  
To-morrow may lie limp and dead,  
Its feathery tufts to flaunt no more.

The reeds that were so tall and slim,  
And grew so straight awhile ago,  
Will bow their heads before the grim  
Old monitor that warns of snow.  
Already has the goldenrod  
Its jewels cast unto the breeze,  
And the cottonweed with blackened pod  
Weeps mutely near the willow trees.

Yet o'er the marsh a glory flies  
As, shimmering in the misty gleam,  
The gossamer's filmy meshes rise  
Like motes that dance in a sunbeam;  
And to the mind this fancy comes,  
That haply o'er those silver threads  
Some telegraphic elf-news hums  
Its way to insect hearts and heads.

Through the wide reaches frequent rings  
The sharp crack of the fowler's gun;  
From the marsh-pond the wildduck springs,  
The plover's wings flash in the sun;  
Unto the city gunner's shot  
Small warblers in the sedges fall.  
"All's meat that comes unto his pot,"  
The little brown marsh-wren and all.

O'er these low meadows hangs a spell  
That holds a strange, poetic charm:  
I hear it in the far cowbell,  
As vagrant cattle seek the farm.

E'en in these bleak November days  
There's gladness for the heart that heeds.  
The marsh to me no gloom conveys,  
Though the grey frost be on the weeds.

CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

*INDIAN SUMMER.*

SUMMER is gone ; but summer days return ;  
The winds and frosts have stripped the woodlands  
bare,  
Save for some clinging foliage here and there.  
Now as if, pitiful, her heart did yearn,  
Nature, the loving Mother, lifts her urn,  
And pours the stream of life to her spent child ;  
The desert air grows strangely soft and mild,  
And in his veins the long-fled ardors burn.  
So, when are past the mid-years of our lives,  
And, sad or glad, we feel our work is done,  
There comes to us with sudden swift returns  
The glow, the thrill, that show life still survives,  
That—though through softening mists—still shines  
the sun,  
And in our souls the Indian Summer burns.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

*AUTUMN FLOWERS.*

THESE few pale autumn flowers,  
How beautiful they are !  
Than all that went before,  
Than all the summer store,  
How lovelier far !

And why ? — They are the last !  
The last ! the last ! the last !  
O by that little word  
How many thoughts are stirred  
That whisper of the past !

Pale flowers ! pale perishing flowers !  
Ye're types of precious things ;  
Types of those bitter moments,  
That flit, like life's enjoyments,  
On rapid, rapid wings ;

Last hours with parting dear ones  
(That Time the fastest spends),  
Last tears in silence shed,  
Last words half utterèd,  
Last looks of dying friends.

Who but would fain compress  
A life into a day, —  
The last day spent with one  
Who, ere the morrow's sun,  
Must leave us, and for aye ?



O precious, precious moments !  
Pale flowers ! ye're types of those ;  
The saddest, sweetest, dearest,  
Because, like those, the nearest  
To an eternal close.

Pale flowers ! pale perishing flowers !  
I woo your gentle breath ;  
I leave the summer rose  
For younger, blither brows ;  
Tell me of change and death !

MRS. CAROLINE ANN [BOWLES] SOUTHEY.

*INDIAN SUMMER.*

WHAT heights of rest are in these silences !  
What thirst of plains the sunlight seems to slake !  
The meadows bask. No bitter north winds wake  
The treetops from their fruitless dream of ease.  
The slow brooks murmur like a swarm of bees,  
And some shy creature in the tangled brake  
Darts and is still, and trooping sparrows make  
A moment's chatter in the cedar trees,  
Then on far skies they quickly seem to cease,  
Or, wheeling, drop behind some stubbled mound.  
But all day long the brooks find no release,  
And lift their wandering undertones of sound.  
This is the year's full flower, the crown of peace,  
The sunlight's harvest, and the south wind's bound.

L. FRANK TOOKER.  
*In the Century Magazine.*

## FADED LEAVES.

THE hills are bright with maples yet,  
But down the level land  
The beech leaves rustle in the wind  
As dry and brown as sand.

The clouds in bars of rusty red  
Along the hilltops glow,  
And in the still, sharp air, the frost  
Is like a dream of snow.

The berries of the brier-rose  
Have lost their rounded pride :  
The bitter-sweet chrysanthemums  
Are drooping heavy-eyed.

The cricket grows more friendly now,  
The dormouse sly and wise,  
Hiding away in the disgrace  
Of Nature, from men's eyes.

The pigeons in black wavering lines  
Are swinging toward the sun ;  
And all the wide and withered fields  
Proclaim the summer done.

. . . . .

ALICE CARY.

*INDIAN SUMMER.*

AGAIN the leaves come fluttering down,  
Slowly, silently, one by one,  
Scarlet and crimson, and gold and brown,  
Willing to fall, for their work is done.

And once again comes the dreamy haze,  
Draping the hills with its filmy blue,  
And veiling the sun, whose tender rays  
With mellowed light come shimmering through.

Softly it rests on the sleeping lake —  
This filmy veil — and the distant shore,  
Fringed with tangles of bush and brake,  
Shows a dim blue line and nothing more.

The winds are asleep, save now and then  
Some wandering breeze comes stealing by,  
Softly rises, then sinks again,  
And dies away like an infant's sigh.

You feel the spell of these dreamy days,  
I know, — for your heart is in tune with mine.  
You love the stillness, the tender haze ;  
I know, — for your thoughts with my own entwine.

But this dreamy calm, this solemn hush,  
The sleeping winds, and the mellow glow,  
Only foretell the tempest's rush,  
The icy blast, and the whirling snow.

We — you and I — must bow to the frost,  
When our locks are white with its hoary kiss ;  
Our last rose scattered, its petals lost,  
May our Indian Summer be calm, — like this.

MRS. ELLEN [PALMER] ALLERTON.

### NOVEMBER.

LIKE a young novice forced the world to shun  
And don white weeds, November, day by day,  
With a mist-mantle doth her face o'erlay  
And lurk in exile from the joyous sun :  
Yet, as in musing on the name of nun,  
The maiden's mind recoils and soars away  
In dreams of radiant hope, which one by one  
Fleeting in tears, she turns to fast and pray ;  
So will the month some precious hours retain  
Of crimson, russet, golden light to stain  
Her beeches, oaks and elms, but fills the room  
Of that fair pageant with dissolving rain.  
Nun-like at last, she garbs herself in gloom  
And takes the stern vows of a wintry doom.

HENRY GAY HEWLETT.

*An English Year.*

## INDIAN SUMMER.

AFTER October's biting frosts it seems  
That summer days return. The partridge whirrs  
A noisy wing to ambush in the firs ;  
And for a while the sun re-tricks his beams.  
It is an autumn that of springtime dreams.  
The warm breeze comes again, and softly stirs  
The silent treetops, and the empty burrs,  
Which, loosened, drop into the leaf-clogged streams.  
Ah ! dear, this tardy sunshine, and the last.  
So we shall find — our summer being past,  
And hoar-frost with us — for a little breath  
So fair a country, such a genial air ;  
And shall forget our woes, and unaware  
Step over to the border-land of Death !

ANDREW BICE SAXTON.

*In the Century Magazine.*

## AUTUMN PEACE.

THERE is a golden season in our year,  
Between October's hale and lusty cheer,  
And the hoar frost of winter's empire drear ;  
  
Which, like a fairy flood of mystic tides,  
Whereon divine tranquility abides,  
The kingdom of the sovereign months divides ;

The wailing winds their requiems cease,  
Ere winter's sturdier storms have gained release,  
And heaven and earth alike are bright with peace.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

*The Two Summers.*

NOVEMBER.

THE wild November comes at last  
Beneath a veil of rain ;  
The night-wind blows its folds aside,  
Her face is full of pain.

The latest of her race, she takes  
The autumn's vacant throne :  
She has but one short moon to live,  
And she must live alone.

A barren realm of withered fields :  
Bleak woods of fallen leaves :  
The palest morns that ever dawned :  
The dreariest of eves :

It is no wonder that she comes,  
Poor month ! with tears of pain :  
For what can one so hopeless do  
But weep, and weep again !

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

## INDIAN SUMMER.

As some decrepit citizen reviews  
In dreaming reverie, his boyhood o'er,  
Fondly remembering joys that once were his,  
And sighing for the days that are no more ;

So, in these autumn days, the failing year  
Dreams of his youth, forever passed away ;  
Stops for a while his blustering career,  
To spend in quiet retrospect the day.

He dreams of summer, and again the air  
Grows soft and calm, again the sky grows bright,  
Again, through dreamy mist, the distant hills  
Lose their rough outlines in a mellow light.

He dreams of summer's flowers, and through the fields  
Where buttercups and daisies marked the sod,  
Where golden dandelions and bluebells grew,  
Blossom the aster and the goldenrod.

So soft he dreams, so gently comes his breath,  
That where close-reefed she sped before the gale,  
The swelling tide just rocks the fisher's boat  
That slowly drifts with idly-flapping sail.

Dear autumn days, so calm, so sweet,  
Like a bright, welcome memory you seem ;  
So full of tremulous and hazy light,  
So soft, so radiant, so like a dream !

WALTER LEARNED.

## NOVEMBER WIND.

IN slack wind of November  
The fog forms and shifts ;  
All the world comes out again  
When the fog lifts.  
Loosened from their sapless twigs  
Leaves drop with every gust ;  
Drifting, rustling out of sight  
In the damp or dust.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

*A Year's Windfalls.*

## THE HUNTER'S MOON.

FROM gold to grey  
Our mild sweet day  
Of Indian Summer fades too soon ;  
But tenderly  
Above the sea  
Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's moon.

In its pale fire  
The village spire  
Shows like the Zodiac's spectral lance ;  
The painted walls  
Whereon it falls  
Transfigured stand in marble trance !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

*The Eve of Election.*



## INDIAN SUMMER.

How quietly the year,  
Beneath this soft-eyed season's gentle sway,  
Falls in its full maturity away

On winter's frozen bier !  
Like sunset gathering to its twilight close,  
Or old age sinking to its last repose.

When first broke morning's light,  
Volumes of fog a feathery ocean rolled,  
The woods loomed glimmering from the misty fold,  
Dimly the mountain's height  
Seemed struggling in the thick and mantling screen.  
And the bird sang and streamlet played unseen.

The mist has cleared away ;  
O'erhead the mild sun glows, a reddened ball,  
And on the earth his placid glances fall,  
While tranquil, meek, and grey,  
The sky spreads, shaded with its fleece of cloud,  
And azure glimpses breaking from the shroud.

The hill slopes soft and calm,  
The fields still basking in the noontide light,  
All seem my wandering footsteps to invite ;  
And with the south wind's balm  
Fanning in pure fresh kisses on my brow,  
My path is mid their haunts of quiet now.

Along the forest way  
I tread ; the soft wind from the pine creeps down  
And rustles in the beechen thicket brown,  
Then whirls in eddying play  
The withered leaves strewn idly, rattling fast,  
As showering falls the ripened sylvan mast.

The deer glides shadowy by ;  
The rabbit springs before me winged with dread ;  
The squirrel leaves the strewed nuts where it fed  
With a low, chirping cry,  
And the quick flicker like a chequered speck,  
Climbs the mossed oak and taps with darting neck.

The air, how calm and still !  
Each gentle sound comes sweetly to my ear ;  
The falling nut, the bee-wing's music near,  
The purling of the rill,  
The chirp of bird, the sighing of the breeze,  
And the far axe-blow echoing through the trees.

. . . . .  
ALFRED BILLINGS STREET.

NOVEMBER.

THE touch of chill November  
Falls on the waiting land ;  
The oak trees and the larches  
With shivering branches stand ;  
And winter's desolation  
Is felt on every hand.

The dead stems mourn their flowers ;  
The bare trees mourn their leaves ;  
The voice of coming winter  
Sobbingly sighs and grieves ;  
And the drear November sunset  
Its lengthened shadow weaves.

There breaks not on the silence  
The twitter of a bird ;  
Within the forest arches  
No summer song is heard,  
And only by the north wind  
The leafless limbs are stirred.

O birds ! O leaves ! O flowers !  
O fading things and brief !  
Our human lives are falling  
As falls the autumn leaf,  
And in our drear November  
Our hearts are bowed with grief.

And yet the winter's bondage,  
The ice, the frost, the snow,  
Shall melt again and vanish  
When spring's warm breezes blow,  
And under winter's covering  
The flower of Hope shall grow.

ELISHA NORMAN GUNNISON.

## AUTUMN HOURS.

DAYS of the dying year,  
Ye have rare beauty in your paler sun  
And kindling leaf that falls on mosses sere,  
Noiselessly dropping with your mission done.

Only the later bird  
Winnows the air, neglectful of its song,  
Dropping amid the branches all unheard,  
Or through deserted pathways hops along.

Not weary yet for rest,  
For its long winter sleep, the squirrel springs  
From trunk to swaying branch, in pleasant quest  
Of its late harvest where the nut still clings.

And the white frost comes down  
Through the chill air, and clothes the yet green grass  
With a weird mantle, till the glowing crown  
Of the uprisen sun bids the frail beauty pass.

The air takes on its tone  
Of mingled grief and sweetness, as if now  
Above dead flowers the field is all its own,  
From the far hillside to dismantled bough.

Oh, linger yet awhile  
With sweet remembrances, with chastened light,  
While thought can bask in summer's genial smile,  
Nor fold its wings like flowers at coming blight.

MRS. HANNAH JANE [WOODMAN] LEWIS.

*INDIAN SUMMER.*

At last the toil-encumbered days are over,  
And airs of noon are mellow as the morn ;  
The blooms are brown upon the seeding clover,  
And brown the silks that plume the ripening corn.

All sounds are hushed of reaping and of mowing ;  
The winds are low ; the waters lie uncurled ;  
Nor thistledown nor gossamer is flowing,  
So lulled in languid indolence the world.

And vineyards wide and farms along the valley  
Are mute amid the vintage and the sheaves,  
Save round the barns the noise of rout and rally  
Among the tenant-masons of the eaves.

Afar the upland glades are flecked in dapples  
By flocks of lambs a-gambol from the fold ;  
And orchards bend beneath their weight of apples,  
And groves are bright in scarlet and in gold.

But hark ! I hear the pheasant's muffled drumming,  
The turtle's murmur from a distant dell,  
A drowsy bee in mazy tangles humming,  
The far, faint, tinkling tenor of a bell.

And now, from yonder beech-trunk, sheer and sterile,  
The rat-tat-tat of the woodpecker's bill,  
The sharp staccato barking of the squirrel,  
A dropping nut, and all again is still.

JAMES POWER IRVINE.  
*In the Century Magazine.*

## INDIAN SUMMER.

DULLED to a drowsy fire, one hardly sees  
The sun in heaven, where this broad, smoky round  
Lies ever brooding at the horizon's bound ;  
And through the gaunt knolls, on monotonous leas,  
Or through the damp wood's troops of naked trees,  
Rustling the brittle ruin along their ground,  
Like sighs from souls of perished hours, resound  
The melancholy melodies of the breeze !  
So ghostly and strange a look the blurred world  
wears,  
Viewed from this flowerless garden's dreary squares,  
That now, while these weird vaporous days exist,  
It would not seem a marvel if where we walk,  
We met, dim-glimmering on its thorny stalk,  
Some pale intangible rose with leaves of mist !

EDGAR FAWCETT.

## AUTUMN SONG.

WHAT have rustling leaves to say,  
Fit to make us sad or glad?  
*Ere the wind blew us away,  
Much delight in life we had.*

*Now we both of us are sad,  
Both of us would death defer, —  
You, because you are not glad,  
We, because we always were.*

This is what the brown leaves say,  
With a sadness less than mine :  
Dear, if I should die to-day,  
Give me something to resign.

ROBERT KELLEY WEEKS.

## IN NOVEMBER.

DRY leaves across the roadway blown,  
And cornstalks in the brown fields strown ;  
A few dull yellow blooms that stand  
As sentinels at either hand,  
And barren sticks of sedgy broom  
Where two or three late locusts boom.  
Chill winds sweep down the mountain way,  
The skies are leaden-like and grey ;  
A squirrel on an old stone wall  
Takes easy cognizance of all ;

The vane upon a distant tower  
Twists, turns a hundred ways an hour;  
And on the beach the waves roll in  
With sullen roar and stubborn din.  
The dead vine rattles, and the breeze  
Goes moaning through the swaying trees.

A stiff blast steadies yonder vane,  
And from the east the driving rain  
Comes dashing on the windowpane.

Let down the shades and light the fire  
That leaps to flame like young desire,  
While from the logs bird-voices ring,  
The echoes of some bygone spring,  
When hopes and mayflowers bloomed indeed  
That now have gone alike to seed.  
There comes the sound of childish feet  
And childish laughter loud and sweet,  
And little hands stretch eager palms  
To beg the firelight's golden alms.  
The red lips part in sunny smiles,  
And brown eyes, blue eyes, try their wiles  
To win the freedom of a knee  
Where each holds potent sovereignty.  
Then let the winds blow wild outside,  
The clouds grow black and rise the tide,  
And winter come when storms are free  
To roam at will o'er land and sea, —  
My little babes keep spring for me.

JAMES BERRY BENSEL



*A NOVEMBER DANDELION.*

BRIGHT wanderer from the court of spring,  
Within these fading realms of frost  
Where not a songbird plumes its wing,  
Thou seemest lost !

Thy comrades 'neath the sapphire dome  
Made royal riot throughout May,  
And then, like ghosts, as white as foam,  
They flew away.

Alas ! that thou shouldst hope to find  
Such joyance now that skies are drear,  
When, like an outcast in the wind,  
Weeps the old year !

Born out of time, thou canst but go,  
Like some forlorn, deserted thing,  
Down to thy death beneath the snow,  
A wraith of spring !

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

## NOVEMBER.

THERE is no wind at all to-night  
To dash the drops against the pane ;  
No sound abroad, nor any light,  
And sadly falls the autumn rain ;

There is no color in the world,  
No lovely tint on hill or plain ;  
The summer's golden sails are furled,  
And sadly falls the autumn rain.

The earth lies tacitly beneath  
As it were dead to joy or pain :  
It does not move, it does not breathe,  
And sadly falls the autumn rain. -

And all my heart is patient too,  
I wait till it shall wake again ;  
The songs of springs shall sound anew,  
Though sadly falls the autumn rain. .

MRS. CELIA [LAUGHTON] THAXTER.

*INDIAN SUMMER.*

As when the flame beneath is spent and dead,  
The grey smoke, curling, paints the upper air, —  
As when bright flowers have bloomed, and leaves  
are shed,  
Remembered summer gilds the atmosphere, —  
So gathers round the face a mocking haze,  
Once bud, once blossom, and now withered there,  
And flatters it to bloom with rosy days  
In love's æstival castle in the air.

AUGUSTUS RADCLIFFE GROTE.

*INDIAN SUMMER.*

THE air is warm, warm as in June, the sky  
As blue as June's and yet I hear no song,  
Nor even the chirp of birds; and far along,  
Stirred by the light wind, or the passer-by,  
The crimson leaves are crackling; and the cry  
Of hunter's hounds sweeps o'er the yellow hill.  
Choked in its bed, in silence sleeps the rill;  
The rabbit leaves his form; and far on high,  
On the tall hickory, the squirrel springs  
From limb to limb, and yet the woods are bare;  
And though the air is June's, the forests wear  
A wintry aspect, while the silence brings  
My thoughts to times when I, if living, sere,  
May yearn for hours as bright, when all around is  
dear.

HENRY B. HIRST.

## NOVEMBER.

WHEN October's day is past,  
Charging down the hurrying blast,  
With his helm and spear and shield,  
Stern November drives afield,  
And his trainband bugle's call  
Sweeps the forest's airy hall ;  
All his bannered hosts of air  
Charge across the meadows bare,  
Hurrying in their angered mood  
Over many a barren rood,  
Past the sere and shadowed dell,  
Lonely save by clank of bell.  
Now the farmer o'er the plain  
Shouts unto his oxen twain ;  
And the lone crow on his perch,  
Of a bended, bearded birch,  
Caws and guards his sooty band,  
The pirate chieftains of the land.  
In the distance, lone and chill,  
Where the sheepwalk climbs the hill,  
And the silent, windswept wold  
Shows the bare old oak tree cold,  
And the dark clouds droop their shade,  
And the brown quail flits the glade,  
From his swamp of woodland ground  
Comes the deep bay of the hound ;  
And the startled partridge brood  
Whirring break the solitude.

Now the clear-cut "dee-dee-dee"  
Comes from snowbird on the tree;  
And the crow's deserted nest  
Hides the squirrel's furry vest;  
The late robin, flitting lone,  
All his redbreast brethren flown,  
Hears the bluejay's angered scream  
From his maple o'er the stream.  
Down the roadway of the skies,  
Coursing south, the wild goose hies  
To return when golden spring  
Brings to him a brighter wing.

Where of late in glory brief  
Came the song that binds the sheaf,  
Sad-voiced silent Nature sees  
Scattered barren withered leas;  
All her couriers, clad in gold,  
Have fled before the giant bold,  
Who, on cloud-capped steed of ire,  
Born of heaven's own sacred fire,  
With his legioned lines in charge  
Sweeps the cold black river's marge.  
He has fled from fields afar,  
Underneath the polar star,  
Where red Boreas's banners fly  
High upon old winter's sky,  
And his red artillery's war  
Thunders down from Labrador.

JAMES RILEY.

## INDIAN SUMMER.

LIGHT as love's smiles the silvery mist at morn  
 Floats in loose flakes along the limpid river ;  
 The bluebird's notes upon the soft breeze borne,  
 As high in air he carols, faintly quiver ;  
 The weeping birch, like banners idly waving,  
 Bends to the stream, its spicy branches laving ;  
 Beaded with dew the witch-elm's tassels shiver ;  
 The timid rabbit from the furze is peeping,  
 And from the springy spray the squirrel's gayly  
 leaping.

. . . . .

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

## AN INDIAN SUMMER ROSE.

THE soft November days are here,  
 The aftermath of blossom's year ;  
 When all the verdant leaves are dead,  
 And crimson banners float instead ;

When summer, sorry she has gone,  
 Turns sadly back to look upon  
 Her fading kingdom, smiles and throws  
 Into earth's lap a brilliant rose.

. . . . .

MRS. SARA LOUISA [VICKERS] OBERHOLTZER.

## INDIAN SUMMER.

It is the season when the light of dreams  
Around the year in golden glory lies ;  
The heavens are full of floating mysteries,  
And down the lake the veiled splendor beams.  
Like hidden poets lie the hazy streams,  
Mantled with mysteries of their own romance,  
While scarce a breath disturbs their drowsy trance.  
The yellow leaf which down the soft air gleams,  
Glides, wavers, falls, and skims the unruffled lake.  
Here the frail maples and the faithful firs  
By twisted vines are wed. The russet brake  
Skirts the low pool ; and starred with open burrs  
The chestnut stands, — but when the north wind  
stirs,  
How, like an armed host, the summoned scene shall  
wake !

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

## IN THE WOODS.

I WALKED alone in depths of autumn woods ;  
The ruthless winds had left the maple bare ;  
The fern was withered, and the sweetbrier's breath  
No longer gave its fragrance to the air.

The barberry strung its coral beads no more ;  
The thistledown on gauzy wings had flown ;  
And myriad leaves, on which the summer wrote  
Her blushing farewell, at my feet were strown.

A loneliness pervaded every spot ;  
A gloom of which my musing soul partook ;  
"All nature mourns," I said ; "November wild  
Hath torn the fairest pages from her book."

But suddenly a wild bird overhead  
Poured forth a strain so strangely clear and sweet,  
It seemed to bring me back the skies of May,  
And wake the sleeping violets at my feet.

Then long I pondered o'er the poet's words,  
" *The loss of beauty is not always loss,*"  
Till like the voice of love they soothed my pain,  
And gave me strength to bear again my cross.

O murmuring heart ! thy pleasures may decay,  
Thy faith grow cold, thy golden dreams take wing ;  
Still in the realm of faded youth and joy,  
Heaven kindly leaves some bird of hope to sing.

ALBERT LAIGHTON.



## INDIAN SUMMER.

WEEP, weep, November rain :  
White mists, fall like a shroud  
Upon the dead earth's ended joy and pain ;  
Wild blasts, lift up your voices, cry aloud,  
Dash down the last leaves from the quivering boughs,  
And wail about the house,  
O melancholy wind,  
Like one that seeketh and can never find.

But come not, O sweet days,  
Out of yon cloudless blue,  
Ghosts of so many dear remembered Mays,  
With faces like dead lovers, who died true.  
Come not, lest we go seek with eyes all wet,  
Primrose and violet,  
Forgetting that they lie  
Deep in the mould till winter has gone by.

Till winter has gone by !  
Come then, days bright and strange,  
Quiet, while this mad world whirls reckless by,  
Restful, amidst this life of restless change.  
Shine on, sweet Indian Summer, tender, calm,  
The year's last thankful psalm  
To God you smiling bring.  
We too will smile : and wait the eternal spring.

MRS. DINAH MARIA [MULOCK] CRAIK.

## KYRIELLE.

IN spring Love came, a welcome guest,  
And tarried long at my behest ;  
Now autumn wanes, the skies are grey,  
But loyal Love flees not away.

I charmed him with melodious lays  
Through long rose-scented summer days ;  
My songs no more are clear and gay,  
But loyal Love flees not away.

We plucked and twined the myrtle flowers,  
Made joyance in the sylvan bowers ;  
The blooms have died, wild winds hold sway,  
But loyal Love flees not away.

Gone are the piping crickets, gone  
The feathered harbingers of dawn,  
And gone the woodland's bright display,  
But loyal Love flees not away.

With intermingled light and shade  
The shifting seasons come and fade ;  
Our fond hopes fail, false friends betray,  
But loyal Love flees not away !

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

## INDIAN SUMMER.

'Tis Indian Summer's richest, latest day ;  
The skies are bending down, serenely blue ;  
And, to the south wind's sigh, the branches sway  
With answering music as they lightly strew  
Upon the ground beneath, the gorgeous leaves  
Of russet-green and ruby-red and gold,  
So bright, my heart, sad as the south wind, grieves  
To see their glories sinking in the mold.  
And every gay and gladsome thing seems taking  
A lingering leave of grove and field and sky ;  
Birds, all the glens and forest aisles forsaking,  
In croft and orchard sweet lament are making  
For roses dead and loveless winter nigh.  
The bees are hovering o'er the lonely flowers,  
The gift of mild September's sunny hours,—  
Pale asters that have lived through frosty eves,  
And still in languid beauty tint their leaves  
Amid the mountain fern, that yet retains  
Its fragrant breath through all the autumnal rains,  
And meek *immortelles* that, till snows appear,  
Will mourn the buried splendors of the year ;  
While squirrels haste with nuts and acorns brown  
That every waft above the wood brings down ;  
And, on the wing, a golden butterfly,  
The last, the loveliest, is flitting by.

So calm ! so fair ! yet well I know at morn  
Wild winds will blow till all the groves are shorn,  
And soft mists vanish and the mountains rise  
Cold and severe in melancholy skies.  
Now fades the sun from hill and stream and dell,  
O mellow Indian Summer ! fare thee well !

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

*THE DEPARTURE OF SUMMER.*

SUMMER is gone on swallows' wings,  
And earth has buried all her flowers :  
No more the lark, the linnet sings,  
But silence sits in faded bowers.  
There is a shadow on the plain  
Of Winter ere he comes again,  
Of hollow warnings whispered round,  
As Echo in her deep recess  
For once had turned a prophetess.  
Shuddering Autumn stops to list,  
And breathes his fear in sudden sighs,  
With clouded face, and hazel eyes  
That quench themselves, and hide in mist.

. . . . .

THOMAS HOOD.

## IN NOVEMBER.

HERE is the watershed of all the year,  
Where, by a thought's space, thoughts do start anear  
That fare most widely forth ; some to the mouth  
Of Arctic rivers, some to the mellow south.

The gaunt and wrinkled orchard shivers 'neath  
The blast, like Lear upon the English heath,  
And mossy boughs blow wild, that, undistressed,  
Another spring shall hide the cheerful nest.

All things are nearer from this chilly crown,  
The solitude, the white and huddling town ;  
And next the russet fields, of harvest shorn,  
Shines the new wheat that freshens all the morn.

From out the bursting milkweed, dry and grey,  
The silken argosies are launched away,  
To mount the gust, or drift from hill to hill,  
And plant new colonies by road and rill.

Ah, wife of mine, whose clinging hand I hold,  
Shrink you before the New, or at the Old ?  
And those far eyes that hold the silence fast, —  
Look they upon the Future, or the Past ?

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

## NOVEMBER.

NEXT, November, limping, battered,  
Blinded in a whirl of leaf ;  
Worn of want, and travel-tattered,  
Next, November, limping, battered ;  
Now the goodly ships are shattered,  
Far at sea, on rock and reef.

HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON.

*The Masque of the Months.*

## THE FALL OF LEAVES.

DOWN in the hollow courtyard,  
High-walled, and paved with stone,  
The dead-brown leaves came fluttering,  
In drifts, but each alone.

They shiver in the sunshine,  
They rustle in the dust,  
And stagger into crack and chink,  
Or perish in the gust.

Within myself I've wondered,  
Without, I've stilled my eyes,  
And watched the world grow sombre  
Beneath more sombre skies.

GEORGE WASHINGTON WRIGHT HOUGHTON.

## FALLEN LEAVES.

THE dying summer had spilled its blood,  
    *O the beautiful weather !*  
On all the oak leaves in the wood  
    As we went out together.

The partridge sprang from the yellowing corn,  
    *O the beautiful weather !*  
And sang the song of a bridal morn  
    As we went out together.

The wind came gathering up his bands,  
    *O the changeful weather !*  
And a shadow settled on all the lands  
    As we went out together.

The red leaves tumbled among the rocks,  
    *The cruel, cruel weather !*  
Like birds shot bleeding out of flocks,  
    As we went out together.

I made your bed beneath the pines  
    Where we had walked together :  
I hid you under the sheltering vines  
    From the cruel, cruel weather.

But a cold rain sobbing on all the leaves,  
And the dry grass on the heather,  
The silent heart that aches and grieves,  
Know it is wintry weather.

WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

*IN NOVEMBER.*

SOFT, sweet and sad in its pathetic glory,  
The pale November sunshine floods the earth,  
Like a bright ending to a mournful story,  
Or, in a minor tune, a chord of mirth.

Before the wet west wind forever drifting,  
The falling leaves fly o'er the garden walks ;  
The wet west wind the bare gaunt branches lifting,  
And bowing to black mold the withered stalks.

The blackbird whistles to the lingering thrushes,  
The wren chirps welcome to the hardy tit,  
While the brave robin, 'neath the holly-bushes,  
Sees what of berried store still gleams for it.

And the heart, sad for vanished hopes, in turning  
Back to lost summers from the winter's chill,  
Sees the rich promise through the weary yearning,  
That heaven and spring will each our trust fulfil.

MRS. SUSAN KELLY [HOLDSWORTH] PHILLIPS.



*THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.*

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the  
year,  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows  
brown and sere.  
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn  
leaves lie dead;  
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's  
tread;  
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the  
shrubs the jay,  
And from the woodtop calls the crow through all  
the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that  
lately sprang and stood  
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sister-  
hood?  
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race  
of flowers  
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good  
of ours.  
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold  
November rain  
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones  
again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long  
    ago,  
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the  
    summer glow;  
But on the hill the goldenrod, and the aster in the  
    wood,  
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn  
    beauty stood,  
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as  
    falls the plague on men,  
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from  
    upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still  
    such days will come,  
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their  
    winter home;  
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though  
    all the trees are still,  
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the  
    rill,  
The south wind searches for the flowers whose  
    fragrance late he bore,  
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the  
    stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty  
    died,  
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by  
    my side.

In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forests  
    cast the leaf,  
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so  
    brief :  
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young  
    friend of ours,  
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the  
    flowers.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

*NOVEMBER SUNSHINE AND THE HOUSE-  
FLIES.*

WHEN the dawn struck on Memnon, as they say,  
    The child of morning answered ; so the stroke  
    Of this warm sunshine on the room, awoke  
To song those lesser children of the day,  
    The window-flies ; I watched each mazy track,  
I saw them deftly treading the smooth pane,  
    Or, haply, flitting with prone wings and back,  
To the near cornice, to return again.  
Ah ! little ones, your joy is brief and vain :  
    Full soon the brush shall sweep your tiny forms,  
Supine and dumb, into the wind and rain ;  
    'Tis sad to be swept out into the storms.  
'Twere sadder to revive, and cast about  
For foothold, in that roaring world without.

CHARLES TENNYSON-TURNER.

*AUTUMN EVEN-SONG.*

THE long cloud, edged with streaming grey,  
Soars from the west ;  
The red leaf mounts with it away,  
Showing the nest  
A blot among the branches bare :  
There is a cry of outcasts in the air.

Swift little breezes, darting chill,  
Pant down the lake ;  
A crow flies from the yellow hill,  
And in its wake  
A baffled line of laboring rooks :  
Steel-surfaced to the light the river looks.

Pale on the panes of the old hall  
Gleams the lone space  
Between the sunset and the squall ;  
And on its face  
Mournfully glimmers to the last :  
Great oaks grow mighty minstrels in the blast.

Pale the rain-rutted roadways shine  
In the green light  
Behind the cedar and the pine :  
Come, thundering night !  
Blacken broad earth with hoards of storm ;  
For me yon valley-cottage beckons warm.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

## NOVEMBER.

WITHIN the deep-blue eyes of heaven a haze  
Of saddened passion dims their tender light,  
For that her fair queen-child, the summer bright,  
Lies a wan corse amidst her mouldering bays.  
The sullen autumn lifts no voice of praise  
To herald winter's cold and cruel might,  
But winds foreboding fill the desolate night,  
And die at dawning down wild woodland ways.  
The sovereign sun at noonday smileth cold,  
As through a shroud he hath no power to part,  
While huddled flocks crouch listless round their fold ;  
The mockbird's dumb ; no more with cheerful dart  
Upsoars the lark through morning's quivering gold,  
And dumb or dead, methinks, great Nature's heart !

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

## AUTUMN SONG.

THE summer days are ended ;  
The afterglow is gone ;  
The nights grow long and eerie ;  
The winds begin to moan ;  
The pleasant leaves are fading ;  
The bonny swallows flee ;  
Yet welcome is the winter  
That brings my Love to me.

No voice of bird now ripples  
The air; no woodwalk rings;  
But in my happy bosom  
The soul of music sings.  
It sings of clearest heaven  
And summers yet to be;  
Then welcome is the winter  
That brings my Love to me.

A world of gathered sunshine  
Is this warm heart of mine,  
Where life hath heaped the fruitage,  
And love hath hid the wine.  
And though there's not a flower  
In field, nor leaf on tree;  
Yet welcome is the winter  
That brings my Love to me.

GERALD MASSEY.

NOVEMBER.

WHEN thistleblows do lightly float  
About the pasture height,  
And shrills the hawk a parting note,  
And creeps the frost at night,  
Then hilly ho! though singing so,  
And whistle-as I may,  
'There comes again the old heart pain  
Through all the livelong day.

In high wind creaks the leafless tree  
And nods the fading fern ;  
The knolls are dun as snowclouds be,  
And cold the sun does burn.  
Then ho, hollo ! though calling so,  
I cannot keep it down ;  
The tears arise unto mine eyes,  
And thoughts are chill and brown.

Far in the cedars' dusky stoles,  
Where the sere ground-vine weaves,  
The partridge drums funereal rolls  
Above the fallen leaves.  
And hip, hip, ho ! though cheering so,  
It stills no whit the pain ;  
For drip, drip, drip, from bare branch-tip,  
I hear the year's last rain.

So drive the cold cows from the hill,  
And call the wet sheep in ;  
And let their stamping clatter fill  
The barn with warming din.  
And ho, folk, ho ! though it is so  
That we no more may roam,  
We still will find a cheerful mind  
Around the fire at home.

C. L. CLEAVELAND.

*THE NOVEMBER FOG OF LONDON.*

FIRST at the dawn of lingering day,  
It rises, of an ashen grey ;  
Then deepening with a sordid stain  
Of yellow, like a lion's mane.  
Vapor importunate and dense,  
It wars at once with every sense.  
The ears escape not. All around  
Returns a dull unwonted sound.  
Loath to stand still, afraid to stir,  
The chilled and puzzled passenger,  
Oft blundering from the pavement, fails  
To feel his way along the rails ;  
Or at the crossings, in the roll  
Of every carriage dreads the pole.  
Scarce an eclipse, with pall so dun,  
Blots from the face of heaven the sun.  
But soon a thicker, darker cloak  
Wraps all the town, behold ! in smoke,  
Which steam-compelling trade disgorges  
From all her furnaces and forges  
In pitchy clouds ; too dense to rise,  
It drops rejected from the skies ;  
Till struggling day, extinguished, quite,  
At noon gives place to candle-light.

. . . . .

HENRY LUTTRELL.



## NOVEMBER.

No sun — no moon !  
No morn — no noon —  
No dawn — no dust — no proper time of day —  
No sky — no earthly view —  
No distance looking blue —  
No road — no street — no “ t’other side the way ” —  
No end to any Row —  
No indications where the Crescents go —  
No top to any steeple —  
No recognitions of familiar people —  
No courtesies for showing ’em —  
No knowing ’em !  
No travelling at all — no locomotion —  
No inkling of the way — no notion —  
“ No go ” — by land or ocean —  
No mail — no post —  
No news from any foreign coast —  
No park — no ring — no afternoon gentility —  
No company — no nobility —  
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,  
No comfortable feel in any member —  
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,  
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,  
November !

THOMAS HOOD.

*AUTUMN IS ENDED.*

Down drop the painted leaves ;  
The world lies stripped and wounded, cold and bare ;  
Piled are the golden sheaves ;  
And past is every object sweet and fair.

Now faded are the flowers  
And grass on sloping hills and tranquil dales ;  
And songless are the bowers  
Where lovers came and breathed their secret tales.

The fruits are ripe and gone ;  
The fields have lost their wealth and vernal cheer ;  
The stars throw smiles upon  
The full-armed gleaners of the harvest year.

Winds come with chill'ing breath ;  
Rains fall, and brooks from woods begin to rise ;  
Gloom fills the realm of death ;  
And birds take flight for warmth of southern skies.

There's nothing bright nor fair,  
Save fields of wheat that wear their cloaks of green ;  
There's nothing in the air  
But chill, where rays of gold and love have been.

The seed of change was sown  
Through months, by viewless hands, in field and town;  
And Autumn, near his throne,  
Lets fall his crowded horn and brazen crown.

The skies hang cold and grey ;  
Among the hills the winds begin to blow ;  
Herds strike their homeward way ,  
And earth grows white and strange with flying snow.

J. HAZARD HARTZELL.

### NOVEMBER TREES.

LET poets sing of their leafy trees  
When the tides of summer fancies swell  
And rock their thoughts, as a tropic breeze  
Rocks the bee in a lily's bell ;  
But give me a harp whose ring is sharp,  
Tuned for November melodies,  
That I may roam the bleak hills alone  
And sing of the grey and leafless trees.

Their boughs are bare in the twilight dark,  
Cold and bare when the moon is high,  
Like the cordage and masts of a stranded bark  
That warp and freeze in a polar sky.  
There is never a leaf the sky-born thief  
Did not hurry away ere its color was gone.  
But the boughs, though bare, to me are as fair  
As the naked forms of the Parthenon.

Where the branches part in the dusky wood  
The golden mist of the sunset streams;  
And tracts of starlit solitude  
Glimmer at night on a world of dreams.  
The wind is chill on the rugged hill,  
And the early snow is gathering;  
But the winter is naught, for the boughs are fraught  
With the flow of sap and the hope of spring.

O patriots whom the tyrant's hate  
O'ershadows like the winter drear,  
While like the patient trees ye wait,  
Freedom, the nation's spring, is near.  
Never despair, though the darkening air  
Sweep all your summer leaves away;  
The wind may rifle your branches bare,  
Your leaves will burst anew in May!

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

*A SUNSET IN NOVEMBER.*

THE leaden slowness of the prostrate clouds,  
The dark preëminence of naked boughs,  
The blind compulsion of the uncertain wind,  
The helpless rustling of the withered leaves,  
The listless movement of the abandoned waves,  
I marked them all, I made them all my own,  
To help me to the sunset I foresaw,  
And longed for fiercely that November day.

It came at last, I know not how it came,  
A clouded fire showed smoldering in the west,  
Faded and seemed extinguished. Overhead  
The massy clouds, like giants out of dreams  
Uneasily awaking, rolled apart,  
Closed, wavered, opened, with a sudden gleam  
Of silvery edges ; and then all was changed.  
Upsprang the breeze, the waves, the branches  
    sprang ;  
The brown leaves quivered and went by like birds ;  
The smoldering clouds about the western hills  
Upblown rose huddling, and let me see the sun —  
Red, rayless, half-consumed — beyond the earth  
Slow drawing backward ; while around his place  
And over him increasing, the new light  
Burnt red, intense and glowing, here and there  
Veiled with a restless vapor that arose  
Confused and formless, like a fiery smoke.  
Lower he sank ; o'erhead the parted clouds  
Lightened and thinned, and stretching them in flight,  
Flushed and grew crimson ; while beyond the lake  
Joyous with gold and purple, and beyond  
The feathery outlines of the purpling hills,  
The open west 'neath mingling green and blue  
Was one transparent river of bright gold  
That northward slowly paling many a mile,  
Round crimson islands and past rosy shores,  
Streamed silent, waveless, to where side by side  
A nestling cluster of round little clouds  
Bloomed opalescent in clear amber air.

ROBERT KELLEY WEEKS.

## THE DYING YEAR.

THE year is dying, soberly the trees  
Are mellowing, — with a dull sad face  
They lean against the sadness of the sky ;  
The glory of the summer has gone by,  
Gone is the smile of gladness from the place.

O sad to see the sun come later up,  
And sad to see him pass betimes away,  
And sad the pallid glints he throws across  
The leaf-strewn garden ; sad the sense of loss,  
The all-pervading fragrance of decay.

Yet at the open window, as I sit  
With closed eyes, and hear the gentle rain  
Fall on the damp green earth like lovers' sighs,  
And feel the breath of dying earth arise  
From far and near, from hillock and from plain,

And hear the tender cawing of the rooks'  
Melodious symphony among the trees,  
I am in other places far from here,  
I stand upon the threshold of the year,  
Among remembered sounds so like to these.

The same soft drip of lightly falling showers,  
Upon the moss green growing everywhere,  
The same strange stilly warmth in the lift,  
The cawing of the rooks, the gentle drift  
Of odorous distillings in the air,

Daffodils growing on the field's green breast,  
Buds all a-blow, and the enchanted breath  
Of violets peeping in the damp hedgerow,  
Kindled to being, — O mystery, that so  
Death looks like life, and life so like to death!

MRS. CHRISTINA CATHERINE [FRASER-TYTLER] LIDDELL.

*AUTUMN IN CORNWALL.*

THE year lies fallen and faded  
On cliffs by clouds invaded,  
With tongues of storms upbraided,  
    With wrath of waves bedinned;  
And inland, wild with warning,  
As in deaf ears or scorning,  
The clarion even and morning  
    Rings of the southwest wind.

The wild bents wane and wither  
In blasts whose breath bows hither  
Their grey-grown heads and thither,  
    Unblest of rain or sun;  
The pale fierce heavens are crowded  
With shapes like dreams beclouded,  
As though the old year enshrouded  
    Lay, long ere life were done.

Full-charged with old-world wonders,  
From dusk Tintagel thunders  
A note that smites and sunders  
    The hard-froze fields of air;

A trumpet stormier sounded  
Than once from lists rebounded  
Where strong men sense-confounded  
Fell thick in tourney there ;

From scarce a duskier dwelling  
Such notes of wail rose welling  
Through the outer darkness, telling  
In the awful singer's ears  
What souls the darkness covers,  
What love-lost soul of lovers,  
Whose cry still hangs and hovers  
In each man's born that hears.

For there by Hector's brother  
And yet some thousand other  
He that had grief to smother  
Passed pale from Dante's sight ;  
With one fast-linked as fearless,  
Perchance, there only tearless ;  
Iseulte and Tristram, peerless  
And perfect queen and knight.

A shrill-winged sound comes flying  
North, as of wild souls crying  
The cry of things undying  
That know what life must be ;  
Or as the old year's heart, stricken  
Too sore for hope to quicken  
By thoughts like thorns that thicken,  
Broke breaking with the sea.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE



## A NOVEMBER PASTORAL.

WRAPPED in his sad-colored cloak, the Day, like a  
     Puritan, standeth  
 Stern in the joyless fields, rebuking the lingering  
     color —  
 Dying hectic of leaves and the chilly blue of the  
     asters —  
 Hearing, perchance, the croak of a crow on the deso-  
     late treetop,  
 Breathing the reek of withered weeds, or the drifted  
     and sodden  
 Splendors of woodland, as whoso piously groaneth  
     in spirit.  
 “Vanity, verily ; yea, it is vanity, let me forsake it ;  
 Yea, let it fade, for Life is the empty clash of a  
     cymbal,  
 Joy a torch in the hands of a fool, and Beauty a  
     pitfall !”

. . . . .  
 Silent are now the flute of spring and the clarion of  
     summer  
 As they had never been blown : the wail of a dull  
     *miserere*  
 Heavily sweeps the woods, and, stifled, dies in the  
     valleys.

. . . . .  
 BAYARD TAYLOR.

## NOVEMBER.

AMID the withered leaves I lie ;  
I look upon the sober sky ;  
I am not young ; I am not old ;  
    I am not rich ; I am not poor ;  
I cannot fear what may not be,  
    And of what hath been I am sure.

I muse, — I neither laugh nor sigh ;  
Of all the faded landscape I  
Am part ; I am not tired of life ;  
    And yet I would not live anew,  
Though woods and wolds forever green  
    Should be, and skies forever blue.

JOHN AYLMER DORGAN.

## TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

THOU blossom, bright with autumn dew,  
And colored with the heaven's own blue,  
That openest when the quiet light  
Succeeds the keen and frosty night ;

Thou comest not when violets lean  
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,  
Or columbines, in purple dressed,  
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,  
When woods are bare and birds are flown,  
And frosts and shortening days portend  
The aged Year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye  
Look through its fringes to the sky,  
Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall  
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see  
The hour of death draw near to me,  
Hope, blossoming within my heart,  
May look to heaven as I depart.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

*ON THE BEACH IN NOVEMBER.*

My heart's Ideal, that somewhere out of sight  
Art beautiful and gracious and alone,  
Haply where blue Saronic waves are blown  
On shores that keep some touch of old delight,  
How welcome is thy memory, and how bright,  
To one who watches over leagues of stone  
These chilly northern waters creep and moan  
From weary morning unto weary night.  
O Shade-form, lovelier than the living crowd,  
So kind to votaries, yet thyself unvowed,

So free to human fancies, fancy free,  
My vagrant thought goes out to thee, to thee,  
As wandering lonelier than the Poet's cloud,  
I listen to the wash of this dull sea.

EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY.

*THE PARTING OF SUMMER.*

LIKE one who lingers yet upon the sands,  
Gazing his last upon the fading sail  
That bears his friends afar to other lands,  
I watch the bleak November daylight fail,  
And, weltering in the pale and watery skies,  
The dim stars falter forth, the cold moon rise.

I feel the silence on the hill and plain,  
Like that chill hush which haunts an empty room  
When, late deserted by a joyous train,  
The lights die slowly down and all is gloom :  
The cricket shrilling in the darkling wood  
Adds but a drearier sense of solitude.

The last frail blossom of the year is dead,  
Scentless and sere, beside the frozen rill ;  
The last of summer's melodists are fled,  
Their nests are tenantless, their songs are still,  
And, like the echo of a faint farewell,  
I hear the shuddering night-wind sink and swell.

CHARLES LOTIN HILDRETH.

*THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN.*

O'ER the bare woods, whose outstretched hands  
Plead with the leaden heavens in vain,  
I see, beyond the valley lands,  
The sea's long level dim with rain.  
Around me all things, stark and dumb,  
Seem praying for the snows to come,  
And, for the summer bloom and greenness gone,  
With winter's sunset lights and dazzling morn atone.

Along the river's summer walk,  
The withered tufts of asters nod ;  
And trembles on its arid stalk  
The hoar plume of the goldenrod.  
And on a ground of sombre fir,  
And azure-studded juniper,  
The silver birch its buds of purple shows,  
And scarlet berries tell where bloomed the sweet  
wildrose.

With mingled sound of horns and bells,  
A far-heard clang, the wild geese fly,  
Storm-sent, from Arctic moors and fells,  
Like a great arrow through the sky,  
Two dusky lines converged in one,  
Chasing the southward-flying sun ;  
While the brave snowbird and the hardy jay  
Call to them from the pines, as if to bid them stay.

I passed this way a year ago :

The wind blew south ; the noon of day  
Was warm as June's ; and save that snow

Flecked the low mountains far away,  
And that the vernal-seeming breeze  
Mocked faded grass and leafless trees,

I might have dreamed of summer as I lay,  
Watching the fallen leaves with the soft wind at play.

Since then, the winter blasts have piled

The white pagodas of the snow  
On these rough slopes, and, strong and wild,  
Yon river, in its overflow

Of springtime rain and sun, set free,  
Crashed with its ices to the sea ;

And over these grey fields, then green and gold,  
The summer corn has waved, the thunder's organ  
rolled.

Rich gift of God ! A year of time !

What pomp of rise and shut of day,  
What hues wherewith our northern clime  
Makes autumn's dropping woodlands gay,

What airs outblown from ferny dells,  
And clover-bloom and sweetbrier smells,

What songs of brooks and birds, what fruits and  
flowers,  
Green woods and moonlit snows, have in its round  
been ours !

. . . . .

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

## NOVEMBER.

YET one smile more, departing, distant sun !  
One mellow smile through the soft vapory air,  
Ere, o'er the frozen earth, the loud winds run,  
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.  
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,  
And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast,  
And the blue gentian flower that in the breeze  
Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.  
Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee  
Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,  
The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,  
And man delight to linger in thy ray.  
Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear  
The piercing winter frost, and winds, and darkened  
air.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

## NOVEMBER.

FROST comes ; and the summer is finished ;  
The world lies vacant and still,  
To dream through the winter with minished  
Dull life in the desolate chill.

Thus we, when the sense of enjoyment  
Hath passed from our blood and our brain,  
Are left without light or employment  
In passionless pain.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

## A SONG OF AUTUMN.

My wind is turned to bitter north,  
 That was so soft a south before ;  
 My sky, that shone so sunny bright,  
 With foggy gloom is clouded o'er ;  
 My gay green leaves are yellow-black,  
 Upon the dank autumnal floor ;  
 For love, departed once, comes back  
 No more again, no more.

A roofless ruin lies my home,  
 For winds to blow and rains to pour ;  
 One frosty night befell, and lo,  
 I find my summer days are o'er :  
 The heart bereaved, of why and how  
 Unknowing, knows that yet before  
 It had what e'en to memory now  
 Returns no more, no more.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

## THE LAST GENTIAN.

SEE ! I survive because I bowed my head,  
 Hearing the snow's first footfall in the air ;  
 I felt his cold kiss on my cheek with dread,  
 And to my sister said, " Beware !"  
 And stooped beneath my bank and let him pass.  
 Next morn the brook was glass :  
 My simple sister in her pride,  
 Disdained to bow her head, so drooped and died.

. . . . .

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS.



TO THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

WAN brightener of the fading year,  
    Chrysanthemum,  
Rough teller of the winter near,  
    Chrysanthemum ;  
Grey low-hung skies and woodlands sere,  
Wet leaf-strown ways with thee appear,  
Yet well I love to see thee here,  
    Chrysanthemum ;  
Yes, well I love to see thee here,  
    Chrysanthemum.

Thou comest when the rose is dead,  
    Chrysanthemum ;  
When pink and lily both have fled,  
    Chrysanthemum.  
When hollyhocks droop low the head,  
And dahlias litter path and bed,  
Thou bloomest bright in all their stead,  
    Chrysanthemum ;  
And back recallest their beauty fled,  
    Chrysanthemum.

O loved not for thy sake alone,  
    Chrysanthemum ;  
Not for a beauty all thine own,  
    Chrysanthemum ;

For fair blooms to the springtime known,  
For bright hues to the summer shown,  
For memories dear of flowerets flown,  
    Chrysanthemum,  
I love thee, blossomer alone,  
    Chrysanthemum.

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

*BELATED.*

BLITHE summer blossom, born too late,  
    Wilt make my desert garden fair?  
Lo Winter's hand is on the gate,  
    His breath is in the curdling air.

Still yesterweek, but yesterweek,  
    Thou hadst, unfolding in warm light,  
Spread ripening to the crimson streak  
    And seed to make the next year bright.

But now there fall the bitter rains,  
    The chills that brown the ferns are come;  
Southward, above the shivering plains,  
    The eddying swallows hasten home.

O flower too frail, too late of birth,  
    There is no sun for such as thou:  
Droop down upon the barren earth;  
    What boots it to have blossomed now?

MRS. AUGUSTA [DAVIES] WEBSTER.

*AUTUMN'S SIGHING.*

AUTUMN's sighing,  
Moaning, dying ,  
Clouds are flying  
    On like steeds ;  
While their shadows  
O'er the meadows  
Walk like widows  
    Decked in weeds.

Red leaves trailing,  
Fall unfailing,  
Dropping, sailing,  
    From the wood,  
That, unpliant,  
Stands defiant,  
Like a giant  
    Dripping blood.

Winds are swelling  
Round our dwelling,  
All day telling  
    Us their woe ;  
And at vesper  
Frosts grow crisper  
As they whisper  
    Of the snow.

*NOVEMBER WIND.*

From the unseen land  
 Frozen inland,  
 Down from Greenland  
     Winter glides,  
 Shedding lightness  
 Like the brightness  
 When moon-whiteness  
     Fills the tides.

. . . . .  
 Storms are trailing;  
 Winds are wailing,  
 Howling, railing  
     At each door.  
 Midst this trailing,  
 Howling, railing  
 List the wailing  
     Of the poor.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

*NOVEMBER WIND.*

TO-NIGHT the winds begin to rise  
     And roar from yonder dropping day  
     The last red leaf is whirled away,  
 The rooks are blown about the skies;  
  
 The forest cracked, the waters curled,  
     The cattle huddled on the lea;  
 And wildly dashed on tower and tree  
 The sunbeam strikes along the world.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

*In Memoriam.*

## NOVEMBER.

ARE thine eyes weary ? is thy heart too sick  
To struggle any more with doubt and thought,  
Whose formless veil draws darkening now and thick  
Across thee, e'en as smoke-tinged mist-wreaths  
brought

Down a fair dale to make it blind and nought ?  
Art thou so weary that no world there seems  
Beyond these four walls hung with pain and dreams ?

Look out upon the real world, where the moon,  
Halfway 'twixt root and crown of these high trees,  
Turns the dead midnight into dreamy noon,  
Silent and full of wonders, for the breeze  
Died at the sunset, and no images,  
No hopes of day, are left in sky or earth, —  
Is it not fair, and of most wondrous worth ?

Yea, I have looked and seen November there ;  
The changeless seal of change it seemed to be,  
Fair death of things that, living once, were fair ;  
Bright sign of loneliness too great for me,  
Strange image of the dread eternity,  
In whose void patience how can these have part,  
These outstretched feverish hands, this restless heart ?

WILLIAM MORRIS.

*The Earthly Paradise.*

*SUMMER'S VISIT TO AUTUMN.*

I saw fair Summer worn and sad  
Upon an evening drear,  
Come through the woods in mourning clad  
And in her eye a tear.

With hopeless grief her cheek was pale,  
A sadder sight, I ween,  
In autumn wood or autumn dale  
Was scarcely ever seen.

O'er dying forests and cold ground,  
O'er grey and frosty mead,  
She turned her sorrowing eyes around,  
But nothing gave her heed.

Ah, I can hardly tell the tale,  
For sadder sight, I ween,  
In autumn wood or autumn dale  
Was scarcely ever seen.

Where'er she looked she found no flowers,  
She caught no song of bird ;  
Nor mavis in her leafy bowers  
Or robin's note was heard.

I saw her wander down a brook  
That in her time had known her ;  
With staring face and chill hard look  
It even dared disown her.

With gentle tread as of the dead,  
And sad dejected mien,  
Down toward the plunging sea she sped,  
With broken heart, I ween.

And Autumn, garish harridan,  
Did clap her thousand palms,  
And all her vulgar painted clan  
Did rustle loud alarms.

But Summer only drew her veil,  
And stepped out on the waves,  
And glided southward in the gale  
To where Anapus laves

Her Sicily's bucolic meads,  
Theocritean shores,  
Where poesy left epic deeds  
To sing of Nature's stores.

Ah, Summer's cheeks were thin and pale,  
A sadder sight, I ween,  
In autumn wood or autumn dale  
Was scarcely ever seen.

WILLIAM MORTON FULLERTON.

## FALLEN LEAVES.

I LOVE to steal my way  
Through the bright woods, when autumn's work is  
done  
And through the hilltops all the dreamlike day  
Breathes the soft golden sun ;

When all is hushed and still,  
Only a few last leaves, fluttering slow  
Down the warm air with ne'er a breeze's will, —  
A ghost of sound below ;

When naught of song is heard,  
Save the jay laughing while all Nature grieves,  
Or the lone chirp of some forgotten bird  
Among the fallen leaves.

Around me everywhere  
Lie leaves that trembled green the summer long,  
Holding the rainbow's tears in sunny air,  
And roofed the summer's song.

Why shun my steps to tread  
These silent hosts that everywhere are strown,  
As if my feet were walking 'mong the dead,  
And I alive alone ?



Hast no bright trees, O Past !  
Through whose bare boughs, once green, the sun-  
shine grieves ?  
No hopes that flutter'd in the autumnal blast,  
No memories, — Fallen Leaves ?

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

*NOVEMBER.*

DRY leaves upon the wall,  
Which flap like rustling wings and seek escape,  
A single frosted cluster on the grape  
Still hangs, — and that is all.

It hangs, forgotten quite,  
Forgotten in the purple vintage-day,  
Left for the sharp and cruel frosts to slay,  
The daggers of the night.

It knew the thrill of spring ;  
It had its blossomtime, its perfumed noons ;  
Its pale-green spheres were rounded to soft runes  
Of summer's whispering.

Through balmy morns of May,  
Through fragrances of June and bright July  
And August, hot and still, it hung on high,  
And purpled day by day.

Of fair and mantling shapes,  
No braver, sweeter cluster on the tree ;  
And what then is this thing has come to thee  
Among the other grapes,

Thou lonely tenant of the leafless vine,  
Granted the right to grow thy mates beside,  
To ripen thy sweet juices, but denied  
Thy place among the wine ?

Ah ! we are dull and blind.  
The riddle is too hard for us to guess,  
The why of joy or of unhappiness,  
Chosen, or left behind !

But everywhere a host  
Of lonely lives shall read their type in thine ;  
Grapes which may never swell the tale of wine,  
Left out to meet the frost.

SARAH CHAUNCEY WOOLSEY.

*A SONG FOR NOVEMBER.*

WIDE o'er the wold,  
Through field and fold,  
The wind moans cold,  
And sighs in sadness ;  
The dreamy days  
Have gone their ways,  
Like flitting fays  
That dance in gladness.

Dead are the leaves  
And stored the sheaves ;  
Lone are the eaves  
Where sang the swallow ;  
In robes of black  
The cloudy rack  
Obscures the track  
Where shone Apollo.

No more the wain  
From fertile plain  
Doth bear the grain  
Of golden reaping ;  
The meads are sere,  
The woods are drear,  
And dead, the year  
Will soon be sleeping.

Not now, alas !  
In bending grass,  
A merry mass  
The thrush is trilling ;  
The lark no more  
Doth sing and soar ;  
On southern shore  
The wren is billing.

No blossoms bright  
Of red and white  
Set sweet delight  
Of fragrance floating ;

*A SONG FOR NOVEMBER.*

All that was fair  
Is bleak and bare ;  
The gardens wear  
A russet coating.

At dreary dawn  
On lea and lawn,  
Where, in days gone,  
Was gay adorning,  
No Jacqueminot  
Doth bud and blow,  
Or, face aglow,  
Turn east at morning.

The wary sprite,  
At noon of night,  
In wan moonlight  
Doth shake and shiver ;  
The nymphs have fled  
And Pan is dead ;  
No boatmen thread  
The narrow river.

But why repine,  
O heart of mine ?  
Joy still is thine,  
Though days grow colder ;  
And snows will bring,  
In fragrant spring,  
Fresh blossoming  
From flowers that molder !

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

*THE AUTUMN IS OLD.*

THE autumn is old,  
The sere leaves are flying ;  
He hath gathered up gold,  
And now he is dying ;  
Old age, begin sighing !

The vintage is ripe,  
The harvest is heaping ;  
But some that have sowed  
Have no riches for reaping ;  
Poor wretch, fall a-weeping !

The year's in the wane,  
There is nothing adorning,  
The night has no eve,  
And the day has no morning ;  
Cold winter gives warning.

The rivers run chill,  
The red sun is sinking,  
And I am grown old,  
And life is fast shrinking ;  
Here's enow for sad thinking !

THOMAS HOOD.

## NOVEMBER.

THE drifting clouds are dark and drear,  
The blossoms die of cold and fear,  
The wild wind mourns the fading year,  
And winter threatens near.

O love, our sky is overcast,  
Our sweet hopes fall before the blast,  
The future darkens, dim and vast,  
And life is wearing fast.

Yet sunshine brightens after rain,  
The darkness comes and goes again,  
So solace follows bitter pain  
As seasons wax and wane.

Then clasp my hand with closer hold,  
True hearts are never unconsolated,  
They fear not care, nor cloud, nor cold,  
And smile at growing old.

MRS. ELIZABETH ANN [CHASE] [AKERS] ALLEN.

*WINTER TO AUTUMN.*

THE year is late, yet by the gate  
Of your demesne I hover.  
Forget the summer's roseate glow,  
His kisses warm forget, and know  
I am your frosty lover.

From these dull skies the glory dies;  
So let your early fancies  
Of warm days and a gentle breeze  
Rocking the leaflets on the trees,  
Of nights, and firefly dances.

Joy is away . your happy day  
Is far beyend recalling.  
And, ere departing birds bemoan  
The sun's flight ere they take their own,  
Your last dead leaves are falling.

Wherefore I wait, and soon or late  
The haggard earth I cover  
With many a trackless mile of snow,  
My heart for you doth grieve me so ;  
I am your frosty lover.

ANDREW BICE SAXTON.

## RAIN IN NOVEMBER.

SUMMER breezes, wet and chilled,  
Wanderers flying from the rain,  
Hide their faces in the pines,  
And sob and wail like little ones in pain,  
Day ends early, and the night  
Drops and shivers like a pall;  
Dead the wind, but through waste fields  
The rain sweeps desolate, and buries all.

GEORGE WASHINGTON WRIGHT HOUGHTON.

## IN LATE AUTUMN.

PRIMROSE and cowslip have I gathered here,  
Anemone and hiding violet,  
When April sang the spring song of the year.  
Now all is changed; the autumn day is wet  
With clouds blown from the west, and vapors fold  
Over the dropping woods and vacant wold;  
The latest flower of the field is dead;  
The birds that sang to me are mute or fled,  
Save one that like a larger berry clings  
On the green hollybush, and sings and sings  
A farewell to the sun that, low and pale,  
Lightens a wild sky like a distant fire;  
The wind beats on the treetops like a flail,  
And strews the red leaves in the pools and mire.

CHARLES DENYS CONWAY.

*Cornhill Magazine*, 1870.



## NOVEMBER.

THERE is no blossom in the field ;  
The fierce winds lash the naked wood ;  
Barren and cold, the grey hills yield  
Their hearts to winter solitude ;  
Night folds its dusk across the sheen of day,  
And black November sows the seed of May.

Wild storms and ghostly echoes wake  
The sullen silence. Nature's smile  
Plays on a frozen face, to break,  
Despairingly, the gloom, awhile,  
Then dips behind its snowy veil of cloud,  
That sifts adown to earth an ermine shroud.

November sows the seed of May ;  
But ere the germ shall feel the spell,  
The touch that pulses into play,  
Death lays it in a narrow cell ;  
Death holds it fast in winter's icy breath,  
In winter's tomb, till life is born of death.

O Hope, exiled to hopelessness,  
Pierced by the chill, the ghost of May,  
Smitten where once thou felt a kiss,  
Night-blinded where was glorious day,  
Thou, too, must die of frost, and press the tomb  
A while, ere yet thy life may come to bloom.

STEPHEN HENRY THAYER.

*THE RAINY DAY.*

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,  
And at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
And the day is dark and dreary.

. . . . .

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

*HAZEL BLOSSOMS.*

THE summer warmth has left the sky,  
The summer songs have died away ;  
And, withered, in the footpaths lie  
The fallen leaves, but yesterday  
With ruby and with topaz gay.

The grass is browning on the hills ;  
No pale, belated flowers recall  
The astral fringes of the rills,  
And drearily the dead vines fall,  
Frost-blackened, from the roadside wall.

Yet through the grey and sombre wood,  
Against the dusk of fir and pine,  
Last of their floral sisterhood,  
The hazel's yellow blossoms shine,  
The tawny gold of Afric's mine !

Small beauty hath my unsung flower,  
For spring to own or summer hail ;  
But, in the season's saddest hour,  
To skies that weep and winds that wail  
Its glad surprisals never fail.

O days grown cold ! O life grown cold !  
No rose of June may bloom again ;  
But, like the hazel's twisted gold,  
Through early frost and latter rain  
Shall hints of summertime remain.

And as within the hazel's bough  
A gift of mystic virtue dwells,  
That points to golden ores below,  
And in dry desert places tells  
Where flow unseen the cool, sweet wells,

So, in the wise Diviner's hand,  
Be mine the hazel's grateful part,  
To feel, beneath a thirsty land,  
The living waters thrill and start,  
The beating of the rivulet's heart !

Sufficeth me the gift to light  
With latest bloom the dark, cold days ;  
To call some hidden spring to sight  
That, in these dry and dusty ways,  
Shall sing its pleasant song of praise.

O Love! the hazel-wand may fail,  
But thou canst lend the surer spell,  
That, passing over Baca's vale,  
Repeats the oldtime miracle,  
And makes the desert land a well.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

NOVEMBER.

O how withered and dead  
The face of the bare earth lies  
Under the leafless trees  
And the frown of the drooping skies!  
O how silent and sad  
She sleeps in her gloomy rest,  
With never the song of a bird  
And never a flower on her breast,  
And yet from the gloom and the silence  
The far-off spring shall arise!

Nay! in the hidden life  
Of the pretty things sleeping below,  
Waiting the moment of waking,  
Ready to bourgeon and grow,  
Who shall say but the touch  
Of this cool dark quiet to-day,  
Is full of as saving grace  
As the strong warm kisses of May;  
And which is the dearest and kindest,  
No soul upon earth may know!

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH [MCGRATH] BLAKE.

## IN NOVEMBER.

A HARD grey day it was, yet scarce forlorn,  
Since scarcely aught of tender or of sweet  
Was left the year, its ruggedness to meet.  
Bare was the countryside of work and folk :  
There from the hillside-stead straight out the smoke,  
Over the climbing row of cornricks, sailed ;  
And few folk stirred ; a blue-clad horseman hailed  
A shepherd from the white way, little heard  
'Twixt ridge and hollow by November seared ;  
The ferryman stared long adown the road  
That led unto his tottering thatched abode,  
Ere the dark speck into a goodwife turned ;  
The smoldering weed-heap by the garden burned ;  
Sidelong the plow beside the field-gate lay,  
With no one nigh to scare the birds away,  
That twittered mid the scanty wisps of straw.  
So round the fire the ancient folk did draw,  
And, mid the daydreams, that hung round about,  
Rather beheld the wildwood dim with doubt,  
And twilight of the cloudy leafless tide,  
Than the scant-peopled fallow countryside,  
Whose fields the woods hemmed in ; the world grew  
old  
Unto their eyes, and lacked house, field and fold.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

*The Earthly Paradise.*

*THE LATE AUTUMN IS DYING.*

THE late autumn is dying,  
Dead leaves strew the land ;  
Signs of sorrow now lying  
On every hand ;  
While I walk full of sadness  
In a garden once fair,  
Where before all was gladness,  
I find trouble there.

In a hedgerow wind-shaken  
To wildest unrest,  
Forlorn and forsaken,  
I see a bird's nest,  
Its soft down decaying,  
Its fledglings all flown,  
Naught save the shell staying  
Deserted and lone.

Then the thought cometh cleaving  
The depths of my mind,  
Soon we too must be leaving  
Our loved homes behind ;  
The drear tomb will enclose us,  
Life's pilgrimage o'er,  
" And the place that now knows us  
Shall know us no more."

H. T. MACKENZIE BELL.

*AUTUMN—A DIRGE.*

THE warm sun is failing; the bleak wind is wailing;  
The bare boughs are sighing; the pale flowers are  
dying;

And the year  
On the earth, her deathbed, in shroud of leaves dead,  
Is lying.

Come, months, come away,  
From November to May;  
In your saddest array  
Follow the bier  
Of the dead, cold year,  
And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling, the nipt worm is crawling;  
The rivers are swelling; the thunder is knelling  
For the year;

The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each  
gone

To his dwelling;  
Come, months, come away;  
Put on white, black, and grey;  
Let your light sisters play;  
Ye, follow the bier  
Of the dead, cold year,  
And make her grave green with tear on tear.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

*NOVEMBER.*

THAT time of year thou may'st in me behold  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.  
In me thou seest the twilight of such day  
As after sunset fadeth in the west,  
Which by and by black night doth take away,  
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.  
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire  
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
As the deathbed whereon it must expire,  
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.

This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more  
strong,

To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

*A DIRGE.*

WITH pallid cheeks and wringing hands  
And dusky garments sad and sere,  
The dreary winds from northern lands  
Have come to sob at Autumn's bier;  
Upon her robe of brilliant dyes,  
Behold, in chilly splendor, lies  
The tribute of a frozen tear.



Come, Winter, come and drop the pall  
That only thou know'st how to spread ;  
In tender silence let it fall  
In flawless folds from foot to head ;  
Within our hearts' most sacred shrine,  
And guarded by a love divine,  
Shall live the memory of the dead.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

*WHERE THE ROSES GREW.*

THIS is where the roses grew,  
In the summer that is gone ;  
Fairer bloom or richer hue  
Never summer shone upon :  
O the glories vanished hence !  
O the sad imperfect tense !

This is where the roses grew  
When the July days were long,  
When the garden all day through  
Echoed with delight and song ;  
Hark ! the dead and broken stalks  
Eddying down the windy walks !

Never was a desert waste,  
Where no blossom-life is born,  
Half so dreary and unblest,  
Half so lonesome and forlorn,  
Since in this we dimly see  
All the bliss that *used to be* !

Where the roses used to grow,  
And the west wind's wailing words  
Tell in whispers faint and low  
Of the famished humming-birds,  
Of the bees which search in vain  
For the honey-cells again.

This is where the roses grew,  
Till the ground was all perfume,  
And whenever zephyrs blew,  
Carpeted with crimson bloom.  
Now the chill and scentless air  
Sweeps the flower-plats brown and bare.

Hearts have gardens sad as this,  
Where the roses bloom no more,  
Gardens where no summer bliss  
Can the summer bloom restore,  
Where the snow melts not away  
At the warming kiss of May ;

Gardens where the vernal morns  
Never shed their sunshine down,  
Where are only stems and thorns,  
Veiled in dead leaves, curled and brown, —  
Gardens where we only see  
Where the roses *used to be* !

MRS. ELIZABETH ANN [CHASE] [AKERS] ALLEN.

*NOVEMBER ROSES.*

YE Roses of November,  
Ye are no joy to me ;  
The roses I remember  
Are other than ye be !  
Your cordial kindred summer  
Has gone by long before,  
And winter, the newcomer,  
Is a lover fierce and frore.

At sight of ye I tremble,  
As ye in this bleak air ;  
I read a fearful symbol  
In what ye are and were ;  
How all that's best and fairest,  
When past a petty reign,  
To those who hold them dearest,  
Are pain and only pain.

Beauty is always beauty,  
Her essences divine  
The poet, in his duty,  
May labor to combine ;  
But beauty wed to sorrow  
Is sad, whate'er we say, —  
Sad thinking for to-morrow,  
Sad presence for to-day !

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

*SO LATE IN AUTUMN.*

So late in autumn half the world's asleep,  
And half the wakeful world looks pinched and  
pale ;  
For dampness now, not freshness, rides the gale ;  
And cold and colorless comes ashore the deep  
With tides that bluster or with tides that creep ;  
Now veiled uncouthness wears an uncouth veil  
Of fog, not sultry haze ; and blight and bale  
Have done their worst, and leaves rot on the heap.  
So late in autumn one forgets the spring,  
Forgets the summer with its opulence,  
The callow birds that long have found a wing,  
The swallows that more lately gat them hence ;  
Will anything like spring, will anything  
Like summer, rouse one day the slumbering sense ?

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

*IN NOVEMBER.*

FROM my hill-circled home, this eve, I heard  
The tempest singing on the windy height —  
The first wild storm of winter in its flight  
Seaward — as though some mighty Arctic bird  
Had left its snowy nest, and on the firred,  
Steep mountain summit paused one boisterous  
night  
To fill the valleys with its fierce delight.  
Ah me, I thought, how every pine is stirred,

Till all its deep storm-music is unbound ;  
How every warring bough gives forth its roar,  
And the firs shout, as though some harper hoar  
Laid his great hand upon the hills around,  
And drew a loud hymn forth, a voice to sound  
Far, far away, beyond the world's dull shore.

WILLIAM PRESCOTT FOSTER.  
*In the Century Magazine.*

*WHEN SUN AND FROST HAVE WROUGHT  
THEIR SPELL.*

WHEN sun and frost have wrought their spell,  
And earth reveals her fairest charm,  
Then beauty breathes her sad farewell  
And sinks to rest on winter's arm ;  
Her pure, glad smile, so bright, so calm,  
Fades with the falling of the leaves,  
And Nature stands with outstretched palm,  
As one, who asking, naught receives,  
And through the gathering darkness roams and  
grieves.

ERNEST WARBURTON SHURTLEFF.  
*Autumn Colors.*

*A FROZEN NOVEMBER ROSE.*

ALAS, poor, chill, belated rose !  
What whim could lead thee to suppose  
That these strange days, as brief as bright,  
Proclaimed the summer's full delight ?

Through all the fields no daisy dares  
To brave these blandly treacherous airs ;  
Nor waterfly, where millstreams run,  
Flashes his gem-hues in the sun.

Gone are thy gay, proud sisters all,  
And e'en the bee, thy lover small,  
Is drowsy in his winter cell,  
And gads no more by mead and dell.

A flush of summer, then a frost !  
Beauty no sooner prized than lost !  
Mutation swift of strange extremes,  
Like phantom rainbows seen in dreams.

Ah, what could lead thee to unfold  
Thy crimson bosom to the cold ?  
What fatal folly so entice,  
And turn thy ruined heart to ice ?

HENRY SYLVESTER CORNWELL.

*IN NOVEMBER.*

Now that the roadside paths are plashed with mire  
I love to dream before the cheery fire  
Of golden August days we passed together,  
And moonlit nights when crickets tuned their choir.

Without, the meadows and the woodlands lie  
In ashen sameness 'neath a hueless sky ;  
And biting gusts, foretelling wilder weather,  
From out the north go hurrying madly by.

The withered leaves from off the boughs are torn  
And through the watches of the night are borne  
    Across the heaven's dark deserted spaces,  
While piteously the barren branches mourn.

No song of bird makes glad the morn or night,  
No flower looks skyward for a gleam of light,  
    But everywhere are seen the ruthless traces  
Of pallid frost, whose fingers blanch and blight.

Yet potent Memory sets Time at naught ;  
Wide leagues I traverse on the wings of thought,  
    And once again with you I mark the glory  
With which unclouded summer eves are fraught.

Again with you I stroll cool country lanes  
Fresh with the moisture of abundant rains,  
    Or con the pages of a sweet love story,  
Or read some merry poet's blithe refrains.

Rare happy moments do I spend, until  
The blast's rude fingers tap upon the sill  
    And startle me ; I find the firelight dying,  
The house in slumber, and the air grown chill.

And so I marvel, much as dreamers do,  
Now that the nights are long and drear, if you  
    Before the fire, while winds without are sighing,  
Have visions of the vanished summer too ?

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

## IN LATE AUTUMN.

THEN autumn fired the woods, and crimson glowed  
Fringed bole and feathered bough, and topmost  
spray,  
Which, as fell in the shriveled foliage, showed  
Roofless and bare, that late shut out the day :  
While hurrying winter's drifting storm-showers flowed  
From hissing heavens, and slowly died away  
The color from drenched Nature's face. And then ?  
Black trunks, and dirgeful winds, and dripping fen.

ALFRED AUSTIN.  
*The Human Tragedy.*

## IN NOVEMBER.

NOVEMBER's sky is chill and drear,  
November's leaf is red and sear :  
Late, gazing down the steepy linn  
That hems our little garden in,  
Low in its dark and narrow glen,  
You scarce the rivulet might ken,  
So thick the tangled greenwood grew,  
So feeble trilled the streamlet through ;  
Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen  
Through bush and brier, no longer green,  
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,  
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,  
And, foaming brown with double speed,  
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.



No longer autumn's glowing red  
Upon our Forest hills is shed ;  
No more, beneath the evening beam,  
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam.  
Away hath passed the heather-bell  
That bloomed so rich on Needpath Fell ;  
Sallow his brow, and russet bare  
Are now the sister heights of Yair.  
The sheep, before the pinching heaven,  
To sheltered dale and down are driven,  
Where yet some faded herbage pines,  
And yet a watery sunbeam shinès ;  
In meek despondency they eye  
The withered sward and wintry sky,  
And far beneath their summer hill  
Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill.  
The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,  
And wraps him closer from the cold :  
His dogs no merry circles wheel,  
But shivering follow at his heel ;  
A cowering glance they often cast,  
As deeper moans the gathering blast.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

*Marmion.*

*A NOVEMBER GOODNIGHT.*

GOODNIGHT, little shivering grasses !

'Tis idle to struggle and fight  
With tempest and cruel frost-fingers ;  
Lie down, little grasses, to-night.

The roses have gone from the garden,  
And hidden their faces so fair ;  
The lilies have never uplifted  
Since frost found them bending in prayer.

The aster and dahlia fought bravely,  
Till Ice, with his glittering crest,  
A diamond dagger laid over  
The bloom of each velvety breast.

The leaves of the forest lie faded,  
Dry stubble is left after grain ;  
Yet you, little grasses, still struggle,  
Still hope for the soft summer rain.

Nay, nay, even now there is weaving  
Above you the fleece of the snow,  
The star-pattern tracks the white shuttle  
Through the loom of the storm to and fro,

Until over the moor and the mountain  
'Twill lie like a thrice-blessèd stole,  
And the beggarly rays of November  
Be made in the day-dawning whole.

Fear not for the springtime awaking ;  
'Tis sure as the path of a star ;  
The Watcher unsleeping is ready  
The doorway of sleep to unbar

In time for that stir in the forest  
For the ears of a mortal too fine,  
When rootlets commence their spring-plowing,  
And maple trees call up their wine.

Goodnight, little shivering grasses !  
Lie down 'neath the coverlet white,  
And rest till the cuckoo is singing ;  
Goodnight, little grasses, goodnight !

MRS. ETHELINDA [ELLIOTT] BEERS.

## NOVEMBER.

THE Centaur, Sagittarius, am I,  
Born of Ixion's and the cloud's embrace ;  
With sounding hoofs across the earth I fly,  
A steed Thessalian with a human face.  
Sharp winds the arrows are with which I chase  
The leaves, half dead already with affright ;  
I shroud myself in gloom ; and to the race  
Of mortals bring nor comfort nor delight.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

*The Poet's Calendar.*

## A NOVEMBER DAY.

A GULL on the grey of the dull sky flying,  
The dark surf whitening along the shore,  
And over the ocean a chill breeze sighing  
Like straying souls in the Nevermore.

The grasses are curled in a matted tangle,  
The leaves are withered, and damp, and brown ;  
Aloft in the wet air bare branches wrangle,  
And answer the dark sky frown for frown.

And the bird comes down from its fitful flying,  
The blue sky shows through the shifting grey ;  
But still like a dirge for some loved one dying  
The wind is moaning across the bay.

JAMES BERRY BENSEL.

## A NOVEMBER EVE.

It was a soft November eve, and a faint yellow dye,  
Pale as a winter primrose, tinged the margin of the  
sky,  
While leaves, like brown-winged butterflies, came  
eddyding from the oak,  
And spiral shafts of purest blue curled up of cot-  
tage smoke.

EDWARD CAPERN.

*A November Scene.*

*AN OLD YEAR SONG.*

As through the forest, disarrayed  
By chill November, late I strayed,  
A lonely minstrel of the wood  
Was singing to the solitude :  
I loved thy music, thus I said,  
When o'er thy perch the leaves were spread ;  
Sweet was thy song, but sweeter now  
Thy carol on the leafless bough.

Sing, little bird ! thy note shall cheer  
The sadness of the dying year.

When violets pranked the turf with blue  
And morning filled their cups with dew,  
Thy slender voice with rippling trill  
The budding April bowers would fill,  
Nor passed its joyous tones away  
When April rounded into May.

Thy life shall hail no second dawn, —  
Sing, little bird ! the spring is gone.

And I remember, well-a-day !  
Thy full-blown summer roundelay,  
As when behind a brodered screen  
Some holy maiden sings unseen :  
With answering notes the woodland rung,  
And every treetop found a tongue.

How deep the shade ! the groves how fair !  
Sing, little bird ! the woods are bare.

The summer's throbbing chant is done  
And mute the choral antiphon ;  
The birds have left the shivering pines  
To flit among the trellised vines,  
Or fan the air with scented plumes  
Amid the love-sick orange-blooms,  
And thou art here alone, — alone,  
Sing, little bird ! the rest have flown.

The snow has capped yon distant hill,  
At morn the running brook was still,  
From driven herds the clouds that rise  
Are like the smoke of sacrifice ;  
Erelong the frozen sod shall mock  
The plowshare, changed to stubborn rock ;  
The brawling streams shall soon be dumb, —  
Sing, little bird ! the frosts have come.

Fast, fast the lengthening shadows creep,  
The songless fowls are half asleep,  
The air grows chill, the setting sun  
May leave thee ere thy song is done,  
The pulse that warms thy breast grow cold,  
Thy secret die with thee, untold :  
The lingering sunset still is bright, —  
Sing, little bird ! 'twill soon be night.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

*IN NOVEMBER.*

*(Huitain.)*

WITH apple-bloom and scented buds of May  
And sweet winds born, how should the summer  
know,  
When sweeps of leafless hills are desolate grey,  
The soft ethereal beauty of the snow?  
But we came through the spring, and still, below  
The passion for all sensuous loveliness,  
Remember a white eternity aglow  
With silent dawn, still-aired and passionless.

BLISS CARMAN.

*A SQUARE IN NOVEMBER.*

Down the street the wind looks black ;  
Underfoot the leaves are shed,  
Spoiled and dead ; overhead  
All the sky is dark with rack.

Winter-ruined leaves exhale  
Chilly vapors thin and blue.  
Looming through, lurk a few  
Trees that look unreal and frail.

How they reach their branches out !  
Groping in the lifeless air  
Blind and bare, for some fair  
Long-since-vanished May, no doubt.

So my life, as bare and blind,  
Towards some beauty unattained,  
Lost or waned, stretches strained  
Helpless aims that never find.

AGNES MARY FRANCES ROBINSON.

*London Studies.*

AT AUTUMN'S END.

CALM autumn died, and in that garden fair  
The last flowers withered in the treacherous air.  
The little stream with mournful murmurs rolled,  
And the trees doffed their robes of bronze and gold,  
And fading blue and green, and glowing red ;  
And all the outside lands lay damp and dead,  
Wrapped in a cheerless shroud of foggy haze,  
Voiceless for lengths of dreary days on days,  
Save now and then through the dull gloom was  
heard

The weird-like warning of the drummer-bird,  
The bittern, from the flat isles of the mere,  
Or curlew's calling, now remote, now near,  
Or the wild plover from the upland springs,  
Or mighty whirr of multitudinous wings  
Of rooks and noisy starlings spreading o'er  
The cattle pastures by the river shore.  
And sometimes, too, the ruffian winds would come  
To chase the dying leaves from their last home



In the forlorn grove, or with dread sound  
The Thunder God would rise from underground  
And roar amid the gaps of distant hills,  
And the thick rain would pour and swell the rills  
To rivers, and the rivers into seas,  
Till all at once would rise a southern breeze,  
Born mid the bowers of some more genial clime,  
And make a mimic summer for a time.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

*Deidrè.*

NOVEMBER.

THERE is strange music in the stirring wind,  
When lowers the autumnal eve, and all alone  
To the dark wood's cold covert thou art gone,  
Whose ancient trees on the rough slope reclined,  
Rock, and at times scatter their tresses sere.  
If in such shades, beneath their murmuring,  
Thou late hast passed the happier hours of spring,  
With sadness thou wilt mark the fading year;  
Chiefly if one, with whom such sweets a morn  
Or evening thou hast shared, far off shall stray.  
O spring, return : return, auspicious May.  
But sad will be thy coming, and forlorn,  
If she return not with thy cheering ray,  
Who from these shades is gone, gone far away.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

*THE PLEASANT TIME IS WELL-NIGH  
DONE.*

. . . THOSE days of later autumntide,  
 When he who in some town may chance to bide  
 Opens the window for the balmy air,  
 And seeing the golden hazy sky so fair,  
 And from some city garden hearing still  
 The wheeling rooks the air with music fill,  
 Sweet hopeful music, thinketh, "Is this spring,  
 Surely the year can scarce be perishing?"  
 But then he leaves the clamor of the town,  
 And sees the withered scanty leaves fall down,  
 The half-plowed field, the flowerless garden-plot,  
 The dark full stream by summer long forgot,  
 The tangled hedges where, relaxed and dead,  
 The twining plants their withered berries shed,  
 And feels therewith the treachery of the sun,  
 And knows the pleasant time is well-nigh done.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

*The Earthly Paradise.*

*NEAR AUTUMN'S END.*

It was the dawn of winter: sword in sheath,  
 Change, veiled and mild, came down the gradual air  
 With cold slow smiles that hid the doom beneath.  
 Five days to die in yet were autumn's, ere  
 The last leaf withered from his flowerless wreath.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

*A New Year's Ode.*

## HERBSTLIED.

WHAT song when sheaf  
Is shut in byre,  
When woodland leaf  
Lies drowned in mire,  
With rain and ruin on everything  
That bends to the breeze,  
Can I sing?

What voice may rise  
To music, now,  
Above the sighs  
In branch, in bough?  
The days of summer are perished  
They are numbered, these  
With the dead.

No song! the throat  
Of autumn wind  
Shall sound the note  
Of grief I find  
In all, as ever my pleasant years  
Give room to remorse  
And to tears.

PERCY E. PINKERTON.

## NOVEMBER VIOLETS.

THROUGH amber air the sunlight, slanting pale,  
With mildness fills the southward-sloping dale  
Where bleached ferns stand like phantoms as I  
pass,  
My footfalls rustling in the crisp brown grass.  
The long procession of beloved flowers  
Has wound its way through spring and summer  
hours,  
And only the witch-hazel's flickering light  
Now waits to usher in the winter's night.  
All else are gone, — save, smiling at my feet,  
Some clustered violets look up and greet  
My gaze. They speak: "From our fair army's  
head  
Turned back have we with message from the dead,  
Or seeming dead; farewell, and ease thy pain!  
They all send word, 'Next year we come again!'"

SYLVESTER BAXTER.

## NOVEMBER.

DEEP lie the shadows on the russet slopes,  
Loud blows the wind and shrilly falls the hail;  
The tangled sedge-grass closes o'er the quail,  
And on the withered hill the woodchuck mopes,  
A dusky image of disastered hopes,  
Against whose roof the ruthless storms prevail.  
November! and the farmer hunts the flail,  
And puny autumn poets seek for tropes.

Alack-a-day ! that Nature e'er should robe her  
Glorious form in gloomy garbs like these ;  
Alas ! the faded splendor of October,  
The summer gone, and its Arcadian ease ;  
The lengthened year is glimmering to its close,  
Loud pipes the tempest, — coldly fly the snows.

JAMES NEWTON MATTHEWS.

*A NOVEMBER PICTURE.*

FROM hour to hour we only looked to find  
The once bright empire of our woodland world  
In one huge, snake-like mist malignly furled ;  
It frowned, unbreathed on of the healthful wind,  
Like venom'd misery round an abject mind,  
All landmarks now outblotted and o'errolled  
By serpent-darkness, gathering fold on fold,  
Till the whole strangled scene grew blank and blind.  
Hour after hour we drew half-stifled breath,  
While the chill Horror grew more weird and wild ;  
Earth glimmered vaguely through her wan despair,  
And Heaven ! ah, me ! could heaven be radiant there,  
Beyond the grimness of that mist defiled,  
That silent curse, that creeping, ambushed Death !

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

*A NOVEMBER GRAVE.*

THE grey clouds gather, fold on fold,  
Above the blurred and dripping wold ;  
The light is growing pale and cold,  
And ghostly mists steal o'er the plain.  
A robin in the elm is crying ;  
About the eaves the wind is sighing ;  
O dismal day ! my heart is lying  
In yon fresh grave drenched with the rain.

JAMES BENJAMIN KENYON.

*"AUTOMNE."*

O GLAD and free was Love until the fall ;  
Then came a spirit on the frosty air  
To chill with icy breath the summer's bloom,  
And Love lies with the blossoms blighted there.

He throve so kindly all the summer through ;  
Not warmer was the rose's crimson heart ;  
Dews fell to bless him, and the soft winds blew,  
And gentle rains shed tears to ease his smart.

Through long June days and burning August noons  
The flowers and Love stole sweetness from the  
sun ;  
Then summer went, — the days grew brief and cold,  
The short, sweet lives of summer things were done.

No butterfly flits through November's gloom,  
No bird note quivers on its frosty air.  
Sweet Love had wings and would have flown away,  
But autumn chilled him with the blossoms there.

MRS. LOUISE [CHANDLER] MOULTON.

## NOVEMBER.

COME in the veil of ashen cloud,  
With mists around thee like a shroud,  
And wan face colored with no light  
Of sun and moon, by day or night;  
I would not see thee glad or gay,  
Dark month! that called my Love away!

I would not see thee otherwise,  
Grey month! that hast the dying eyes:  
Cold month! that comest with icy hands,  
Chaining the waters and the lands.  
So didst thou chill two hearts at play,  
Dark month! that called my Love away!

And yet, I know, behind thy mists,  
The bright sun shines, Love's star subsists.  
If we could lift thy veil, may be,  
Thy hidden face were good to see.  
Come as thou wilt, — I say not nay,  
Dark month! that called my Love away!

EDWIN ARNOLD.

## AUTUMN DAYS.

THE winds are out with loud increasing shout,  
Where late before them walked the biting frost,  
Whirling the leaves in their wild sport about,  
And twig and limb athwart our path are tost.  
But still the sun looks kindly on the year,  
And days of summer warmth will linger yet ;  
And still the birds amid the fields we hear,  
For the ripe grain and scattered seeds they get.  
The shortening days grow slowly less and less,  
And winter comes with many a warning on ;  
And still some day with kindly smile will bless,  
Till the last hope's deceit is fledged and gone,  
Before the deepening snows block up the way,  
And the sweet fields are made of howling blasts the  
prey.

JONES VERY.

## THE MIDNIGHT OF THE YEAR.

THE goldenrod that glowed afar  
Has lost its sunset light,  
The aster's purple evenstar  
Has sunk in autumn's night.  
  
Not yet has fallen soft and white  
The snow's deep moonlight clear,  
Only red stars of sumach light  
The midnight of the year.

ERNEST WHITNEY.



*AT THE END OF AUTUMN.*

Lost! all the flush of roses and of skies  
That change at morning to the red of eve,  
O'er clover-waves that in soft meadows heave  
In foam of blossoms with white-fringed eyes, —  
The changing glamour that the sun-fays leave,  
The snow of summer that on greensward lies  
When roses faint and all their spells unweave  
In vale and coppice, ere the autumn flies.  
Ah, naught is left to me but winter days,  
For all my summer has been lost to me  
Amid dull drudging in the toil of trade.  
Lost gold of grainfields, green of country ways —  
A dream! — my dream! for one whole day of ye  
I'd risk all gold of men, and be well paid!

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

*THE CLOSING SCENE.*

WITHIN his sober realm of leafless trees  
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;  
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,  
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The grey barns looking from their hazy hills  
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,  
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,  
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued,  
The hills seemed farther and the streams sang low ;  
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed  
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,  
Their banners bright with every martial hue,  
Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,  
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumbrous wings the vulture held his flight ;  
The dove scarce heard its sighing mate's complaint ;  
And like a star slow drowning in the light,  
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel-cock upon the hillside crew,  
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before, —  
Silent till some replying warder blew  
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,  
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged  
young,  
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,  
By every light wind like a censer swung ; —

Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,  
The busy swallows circling ever near,  
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,  
An early harvest and a plenteous year ; —

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast,  
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,  
To warn the reaper of the rosy east, —  
All now was songless, empty and forlorn.

Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,  
And croaked the crow through all the dreamy  
gloom ;  
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,  
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers ;  
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by  
night ;  
The thistle down, the only ghost of flowers,  
Sailed slowly by, passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,  
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch  
Its crimson leaves as if the Year stood there  
Firing the floor with his inverted torch ;

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,  
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,  
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien,  
Sat, like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known Sorrow, — he had walked with her,  
Oft supped and broke the bitter ashen crust ;  
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir  
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,  
Her country summoned and she gave her all ;  
And twice War bowed to her his sable plume, —  
Regave the swords to rust upon her wall.

Regave the swords, — but not the hand that drew  
And struck for liberty its dying blow,  
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,  
Fell mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,  
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon ;  
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone  
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped : her head was  
bowed ;  
Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene ;  
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,  
While death and winter closed the autumn scene.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

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\* Written for the series.

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\* Written for the series.









